

I AM LEGEND

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FADE IN ON:

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DAWN - RUNNING

A girl, maybe nine, races away from us, towards distant soldiers, their gun trained on this fleeing child. The world jerks forward in staccato flashes as she spins towards us...

CUT TO:

INT. NEVILLE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

ROBERT NEVILLE (40's) starts awake, sits up on the edge of his bed. He SIGHS, rubs the dream from his eyes.

A couple's room. California King. Brissons on the walls. So its difficult to explain why the windows are boarded up.

A GERMAN SHEPHERD at the foot of the bed throws a single BARK.

NEVILLE

Thank you, Sam. That's very thoughtful.

Neville rises, this dog Sam up and trailing at his heels.

INT. NEVILLE'S HALLWAY - WALKING

Man and dog pad down a windowless hallway, past canned goods, bags of rice, endless packs of grain, beef jerky, bottles of water, all stacked floor to ceiling like secondary walls.

NEVILLE

Special day. Special ideas?

The dog just stares at him.

NEVILLE

You could be more helpful.

No response from the dog.

NEVILLE

Man's best friend.

Still nothing. Finally Neville just shrugs, walks into...

INT. NEVILLE'S - GYM - MORNING

Treadmill. Stairmaster. Nice and simple. But the windows are boarded up here too. And maybe you'd notice, no street noise.

Neville grabs two ten-pound free weights. His pre-set course on the treadmill is 20 miles. He begins, not a jog but an all out sprint. Don't just see strength. See determination.

INT. NEVILLE'S BATHROOM - MORNING - LATER

Neville's toiletries have spread across both of the double sinks. No woman lives here anymore.

Neville, dripping with sweat, crouches over a make-shift pump which snakes into the exposed pipes of the steam shower. The backs of his hands are covered with scars.

Neville pulls the cord once, twice, three times and the pump CHUGS into life. Water spills out of the shower head.

Sam sits vigil at open door as Neville showers.

INT. NEVILLE'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Large, open. The two big windows, surprise, they're boarded up too. Neville finishes weighing out portions of egg whites, protein powder, boiled chicken.

NEVILLE

Sometimes you feel like a nut.
Sometimes you don't.

He looks down at Sam expectantly. The moment lasts.

NEVILLE

That one was a gimmie.

Neville shakes his head in dismay, now pouring two cups of instant coffee.

NEVILLE

So, your turn.

No response. The dog almost looks patient. Neville shakes his head. Then pours a coffee into the dog's bowl. They drink.

WOMAN (OVER)

You use me...

NEVILLE (OVER)
Everybody's got complaints...

INT. NEVILLE'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

PAN AROUND. Loft like, brick walls. No high furniture.
Nothing someone could, say, hide behind.

WOMAN (OVER)
You hole up here, no contact with
anyone...

CONTINUE PAN. Windows double boarded here. Beneath the sills,
planters full with coiling barbed wire, lethal metal jungles.

WOMAN (OVER)
And you think you know the world.

FIND Neville breakfasting on the couch, Sam parked on the
cushions right beside him, interacting with the TV.

NEVILLE
Just leave the man alone, why don't
you?

Sam's only response, having finished his meal, is to nudge
Neville's hand aside and snout into his food.

NEVILLE
Bitch.

Neville rises. Clicks off the TV. On the set see what he's
been watching. Boxed DVD set of Days of Our Lives.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - FOYER - MORNING

Neville stands at the front door wearing a long trench coat.
Multiple locks, wooden cross-boards chained into brackets.

NEVILLE
Car keys...

Into the pocket of his long trench.

NEVILLE
Watch...

Quick, turning check of the wrist.

NEVILLE
Glocks...

Two sliding armoire doors reveal an array of guns from which he selects, then checks and holsters two pistols.

NEVILLE
Candy stick...

See now something shoulder-strapped to his back, it's a jury rigged combination of rifle, car batteries and flashlights.

Sam BARKS.

NEVILLE
What?

A beat.

NEVILLE
I didn't forget.

He grabs a few milk-bones from a jar. He starts back on the locks, glances at Sam who stares up at him sullenly.

NEVILLE
I **didn't**.

He pulls the chain in a long RATTLE, cross-boards coming up out of their hinges.

NEVILLE
Ready to greet the day.

Neville opens the door into...

EXT. VILLAGE - MANHATTAN - DAY

Crisp sun hits this residential block of brownstones. A gentle breeze moves the elms that line Washington Square Park across the street. A perfect spring day in New York. Almost.

What strikes us first is the silence.

No electrical hum. No traffic.

No people.

As Neville emerges, REVERSE to get a good look at his home. A lovely village townhouse. Once.

The windows are boarded on the outside too. Large banks of dark flood lights all point back up towards the house.

Neville finishes padlocking his front door and walks down his stoop.

His SUV is parked out front. Black. Metal spikes jut up through the hood. Razor wire hangs off the doors. Wire mesh covers front and back windshields. All are stained dark red.

The car windows flash a strobe like pulse, barely visible in the day light. Sam sniffs the car, BARKS once the all clear.

Neville nods but, ever cautious, opens the door guns first. He shuts off a small battery powered strobe on the dash.

NEVILLE
(singing)
Uptown got it's hustlers...

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - MANHATTAN - MORNING - DRIVING

Neville drives uptown, SINGING Jim Croce. Maybe only now do we realize this world's silence is not its strangest quality.

NEVILLE
(singing)
Bowery got it's bums...

It is the stillness.

NEVILLE
Forty second street got a big Jimmy
Walker...

Nothing moves. Not a car, not a man, woman or child.

NEVILLE
(singing)
He's a pool shooting son of a gun.

Neville is dodging the occasional pile-ups of abandoned cars by driving up and onto the empty side walks.

NEVILLE
(singing)
He big and dumb as a man can
come...

The pavement is a carpet of shattered store windows, glass glimmering rainbows amidst the detritus of looted stores.

NEVILLE
(singing)
And he's stronger than a country
hog...

No few of the buildings have been draped in giant plastic
quarantine bags bearing bright yellow biohazard signs.

NEVILLE
(singing)
And when the bad folks all get
together at night...

No bodies. Anywhere.

NEVILLE
(singing)
They all call big Jim boss, just
because...

Neville drives past the entrance to the Lincoln Tunnel, it's
maw sealed with a plug of concrete and barbed wire.

NEVILLE
(singing)
You don't tug on superman's cape.
You don't spit into the wind...

A SERIES OF HIGH SHOTS.

No people. No traffic.

HIGHER

Amidst the skyscrapers, more buildings bagged in plastic.

HIGHER STILL

The bridges have been broken, sad drinking cranes.

HIGH AND WIDE

New York City has been cut off and abandoned.

EXT. MET LIFE BUILDING - DAY

Neville's SUV is parked in front of the tall building on
forty-second and seventh.

INT. MET LIFE BUILDING - DAY

Neville slowly ENTERS the glass lobby. His Glock is drawn at the ready. Sam's ears point straight back.

Watch the way he moves. He hates the shadows. Sticks to the areas of light coming in through the glass ceiling.

Kicks open a metal door. Into a corridor. The roof has been riddled with bullet holes so blessed sunlight streams in.

Shadows are dark. Dark is death. Move, slowly, Neville, with the caution of a SWAT team closing on criminals. Or Monsters.

Into the stairwell. One wall was once glass, now blown out to let in bright sun.

Up the stairs, still tense, glancing over his shoulder, all the way, up and up to a fortified door.

Out comes his key-chain, unlocks the secured door and pushes through into...

INT. MET LIFE BUILDING - GLASS SUITES - DAY

A glass suite houses rows of desks. Computers sit still, desk chairs askew. Along the far wall cameras point outwards.

On the other side of a generator is a monitor. Behind the monitor is a giant board marked with a hand drawn schematic of a building. And a red x that has been repeatedly rubbed out and moved over time.

NEVILLE

So, where are we today?

Neville clicks on the monitor. Nothing. He frowns. Walks to the generator. Presses a test button. Nothing.

NEVILLE

Shit.

He goes to a drawer and slides it open. A case of Duracell batteries. But the case is empty.

Frustrated, he crosses to the window, stares out across the street at the tall hotel at which his cameras are pointing.

The Royalton has been shrouded in one of those giant quarantine bags. Biohazard markings bright in the sun.

Only this bag has multiple breaches at street level. And the plastic wounds jut outward, as if the bag was torn open from inside.

The windows of the Royalton have all been blacked out. Some with curtains or duct tape. Some with what appears to be newspaper. But nothing inside is visible to the naked eye.

NEVILLE

Rain check.

Something breaks in Neville's facade, an almost impossible depth of sadness there. But he clocks Sam watching him and damn if he doesn't seem to perk up for the dog's sake.

NEVILLE

You were right, Sam. Should have gone with Eveready.

A last moment staring at the building across the way. Then he turns and heads back towards the door.

Sam lingers. BARKS.

NEVILLE

Come on, now, I'm okay.

Sam stares at him.

NEVILLE

I promise.

The moment lasts. Then Sam pads after him.

NEVILLE

You're like an old woman, you know that?

EXT. WAVERLY PLACE GAS - DAY

The pump nozzle feeds into Neville's gas tank. Gas cans sit full next to his truck. A make-shift generator like the kind in Neville's shower CHUGS along. Gallons fly by.

INT. GAS STATION - SAME TIME

Neville emerges from behind the counter, carrying a case of Eveready batteries. The store's been ransacked. All perishables are missing. Hard candies, cigarettes and old sodas are all that remain.

NEVILLE

Okay, I've got one. Sometimes
they're a candy. Sometimes they're
a gum.

He looks encouragingly at Sam, like he really hopes he's
going to know the answer.

NEVILLE

Go on...

A beat. Then, with a SIGH...

NEVILLE

Razzles?

He shakes his head, starts to head back out to the car.

NEVILLE

You could try harder you know.

Neville pauses over a stack of yellowed New York Times. Lifts
one hopefully. Shakes his head, tosses it back.

NEVILLE

Over five million newspapers in the
city. And all the same damn day.

As Neville EXITS HOLD on the headline: MANHATTAN QUARANTINE
IN EFFECT.

EXT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART - DAY

FOLLOW Neville and Sam as they top the old stone steps and
PUSH INTO the immense, empty lobby.

INT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART - CONTINUOUS

Neville and Sam sit before a twisting Pollack. Sun spills
through the windows as Neville rummages in his back-pack.

NEVILLE

Oil or water?

Neville is pulling cans of tuna from his pack. He opens a pop
top, slides a can to Sam who BARKS.

NEVILLE

Fine.

He slides the can back towards Sam, opens another in water.

NEVILLE
The oil's good for your fur, you
know?

No reaction from Sam. Neville shrugs defeat, slides over the
can. Both begin eating hungrily.

NEVILLE
So. What do you think? What would
be fun.

He looks up and then SHOUTS at the top of his LUNGS.

NEVILLE
WHAT WOULD BE FUN?

His voice ECHOES throughout the empty halls. Neville smiles
at the sound. Truth is, he may just be the smallest bit crazy.

NEVILLE
Thoughts?

Sam keeps wolfing away. He looks up and BARKS.

NEVILLE
Really. Well, that's audacious. We
have gas. The weather's right. But
we'll have to be careful, Sam, you
know that right?

Sam's licking his tin clean. Not even looking up.

NEVILLE
Well, my friend, you have me sold.

Sam finishes his tuna, looks up at Neville like he's nuts.

EXT. WEST SIDE PARK - AFTERNOON

Trees are burnished oranges and reds, turning with no care
for what has been lost in this city. Earth abides.

At the bottom of the ribbon of Fall that marries the city's
edge to the lapping blue Hudson sits a small amusement park.

Neville is at the base of a ferris wheel, pouring gas into
its old engine, topping off the tank.

He sets the wheel's timer, finger to the on switch.

NEVILLE
Now!

He hits the switch, the world EXPLODING with CALLIOPE.

Neville vaults the fence, running for the lowest of the already moving benches, Sam bounding behind him.

EXT. FERRIS WHEEL - AFTERNOON

Neville and Sam go round and around, the world rushing up under them, then falling away.

The ride turns, but now, as the revolutions continue, Neville can see the park full of children; dogs, roller-bladers, couples on bikes, or walking together, around and around, sweeping over and over this world of life.

(OVER) A distant SOUND can be heard. A BARKING growing louder until something sinks into his arm. Sam's teeth.

NEVILLE

What the hell-.

But the pain has snapped him out of his reverie. The park is empty now, somehow suddenly even more desolate. And though the calliope MUSIC continues, another SOUND is growing.

Neville looks across the water. Coming in low over the Hudson from nearby New Jersey a ROARING predatory shape is closing.

NEVILLE

Time to bail.

The shape is growing ever closer. It's form resolving, it's GROWL growing ever louder.

NEVILLE

Hang on, hang on.

Their car is getting closer to the ground.

NEVILLE

Now!

They jump, Neville rolling and Sam bounding towards the shelter of an overturned ice cream cart as the form SWEEPS overhead. A helicopter.

EXT. WEST SIDE PARK - ICE CREAM CART - MOMENTS LATER

Neville and Sam wait perfectly still.

NEVILLE

Stay, stay. Robot bastard's not done.

Silence. Then the helicopter BUZZES overhead again, lower this time. Hitched to its under-carriage is an array of spotlights, now dark. It's belly opens and, from within, half a dozen yellow spheres sail down on unfurling parachutes.

And they're TALKING.

SPHERES

Attention survivors... Attention survivors... Please use marked yellow survival phones for assistance... Repeat... Please use marked yellow survival phones for assistance...

Neville looks up to see the helicopter heading back towards New Jersey. He comes out from cover, Sam following.

NEVILLE

That was a close one, huh?

One of the spheres has landed on the bike path a few feet away, its parachute settling like a man's last breath.

Neville approaches, looks at the sphere: US ARMY: EMERGENCY PHONE. He stares down at it a beat, taking in its promise.

NEVILLE

(finally)

That's enough excitement for one day, huh, Sam?

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - DAY

The sun is setting, the sky a deep orange. Neville is unlocking his door. Sam has already begun to WHINE.

NEVILLE

I know. Relax. We're okay.

But he can't help glancing nervously at the drawing shadows in the park before turning the last lock.

NEVILLE

There's still light.

Man and dog vanish inside.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Neville sits at his kitchen table. A laptop is open in front of him, but his head is down on his crossed arms, asleep.

A closing shadow darkens his back. Sam looks up sharply. A hand falls on Neville's shoulder. He bolts awake.

NEVILLE

Jesus!

He spins to face a beautiful WOMAN just coming from the dishwasher, drying rag still in her hand.

WOMAN

Easy, baby. Dark horse?

A beat. Then Neville smiles.

NEVILLE

They don't run any faster than this one. A mare of the night for sure.

She lifts his plate of mostly eaten cake, carries it to the dishwasher, scooping the icing rose onto her finger.

WOMAN

No work on birthdays, remember?

Neville smiles, closes his computer.

WOMAN

Bad one again?

NEVILLE

End of the world one again.

WOMAN

Stop thinking about little mean microbes when you're awake, maybe they'll stop sneaking around your brain when you sleep.

She has come around to face him again.

WOMAN

Forgot some.

She reaches towards him with the rose on her finger. He takes the sugar and cream into his mouth. His eyes narrow.

NEVILLE

The windows aren't boarded up!

Her expression darkens. She is framed by the street light from the window behind her.

WOMAN

What are you talking about?

NEVILLE

The windows-

That's when the thing EXPLODES through the window, what, we can't see, grabbing her, dragging her back out broken glass.

NEVILLE

No!

Neville starts awake, his arms still crossed on the table. He has to catch his breath. Around him, the windows are boarded up again. By his side an empty Twinkee wrapper and a single burned out candle.

Sam WHINES.

NEVILLE

(buries face in hands)

Oh, man.

(OVER) Something WAILS outside in the darkness. Distant. Agonized. Maybe Coyote. Maybe not. Sam tenses.

NEVILLE

Okay.

Neville rises.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

(OVER) The night is filled with more of those impossible WAILS. Many are distant, some closer, passing right outside.

Neville stands in front of a small video camera mounted on a tripod. He reaches out, turns it on, facing the lens.

NEVILLE

This is Robert Neville. Day 412.
I'm still alive. Nothing new today.

Reaches out to flick it off. Pauses a moment.

NEVILLE
It's my birthday.

He flicks off the camera. Looks down at Sam.

NEVILLE
Time to make the doughnuts.
No humor at all in his smile.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

Endless rows of books. This room would have looked over a backyard if the windows weren't sealed. (OVER) So many WAILS, these things must number in the thousands. Whatever they are.

Neville stands amidst open closet doors. No other way to say it, he's suiting up. A thick protective inner skin has gone on first. Then kevlar for the legs, chest plate, skull cap.

NEVILLE
I'm Batman.

Sam just stares up at him. Not impressed.

NEVILLE
Smart ass. I look like Batman to you every time I feed you, don't I?

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Neville stands with Sam, guns in his hands. Sam stands beside him, offers a WHIMPER.

NEVILLE
You think I like it? They got too smart for the traps.

Neville has the locks open. He pulls the RATTLING chain free.

NEVILLE
Stay back. You get a mouth full of one of them... Back. Go on now.

Sam backs off two steps as Neville pulls open the door, WAILS so much louder, steps out into...

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

This is New York in the dark. No street lamps. No glowing windows. Only the drifting full moon seeps any light at all onto the city.

NEVILLE

How is everyone tonight?

Neville walks about ten paces into the middle of the street. Those WALLS are everywhere.

NEVILLE

Now there's no need to be shy.

He pulls a hunting knife from his belt.

NEVILLE

Here you go.

He rolls down a glove, showing that scarred back of his hand.

NEVILLE

Fresh. Grade A, free range human.
Umm-umm good.

Neville draws the blade across his hand, running a line of beading blood.

NEVILLE

Now tell me that doesn't make you drool.

He draws another thin line, making a weeping x.

NEVILLE

Although in your cases, you're probably drooling already.

He holds his hand up into the wind.

NEVILLE

I guess that's one of the downsides of having fangs.

And the WALLS get LOUDER. Or closer.

Silence. Neville waits.

Was that a RUSTLE from the park across the street? Another from a closer rooftop? Something moves. Too fast to make out.

Another shooting movement, then another, like fleeting, shadows. Is New York haunted? Whatever they are, they're coming.

Neville just waits.

Begin to see them...groups of darkness gathering at the end of the block, in the empty park, on the rooftops.

Still Neville waits.

As one rushes, we get our first good look. They stand upright, once human, now they move far too quickly. Covered by tattered clothes, skin the color of ash. And the whites of the eyes are silver, the pulsing pupils red. Blood red.

Neville triggers a remote in his hand and the floods explode into life, firing a fast pulsing strobe.

What happens next is remarkable.

The muscle mass on your leg can snap bone. Your autonomic nervous system keeps that from happening. Unless someone shorts it out. That's what Neville's lights have done.

Think dying fish on a nightclub floor. In fast flashes these creatures spasm and convulse impossibly, breaking their own limbs, snapping their own backs in impossible contortions.

Those that can, flee the pool of flashing light. Those that are trapped SCREAM, twist and writhe in agony.

Neville walks among the twitching forms. He locates one, maybe choosing it by size. Lanyards it.

Neville drags it behind him to an old coal hatch in front of the house. He unlocks the hatch and unceremoniously shoves the creature in. Locks the hatch behind.

He turns. The creatures left in the light are dead. Shapes move on the edge of the illumination.

NEVILLE

Try sunscreen you stupid pieces of
shit.

Neville heads back up his stoop. The SOUND the creatures make is part human, part animal. But it is pure RAGE.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Neville ENTERS, back down to his civvies. He flicks on the lights. Amidst typical storage shelves, laundry area and gas boiler Neville has constructed a homemade med-lab.

A fair amount of machinery, but only small stuff. Blackboards everywhere covered with DNA sequences. In the center of the room is a stainless steel surgeon's table.

SNARLS come from two closed solid metal cages at the base of the coal chute. Neville listens to the GROWLING complaints.

NEVILLE

Someone's always spider, friend.
Someone's always fly.

Neville takes something off the wall and slips it on. A white lab coat. See it in the way he moves, hear it in his ongoing stream of words to himself. This man is a doctor.

NEVILLE

Now on one hand, I apologize for
your being the latest in a long
line of unwilling patients.

Neville readies a med kit, examines the long needle. Then he ties off and begins drawing a tube of his own blood.

NEVILLE

I know it's not the most morally
defensible position, Hippocratic
oath notwithstanding.

Neville goes to a portable fridge and removes the closest of endless rows of identical vials bearing sequential numbers.

Whatever he's up to, he's been at it for a long time. He begins combining blood and serum in a whirling centrifuge.

NEVILLE

On the other hand, I'd feel a lot
more guilty if you weren't trying
to drink my blood and eat my flesh
on a nightly basis, or if you'd
even take a night off sometime.

He lifts an orange ampule about the size of his fist from a tray. He walks to the closest of the two cages.

NEVILLE
Or if you left me the occasional
Clark bar.

He lifts a small view slot.

NEVILLE
Its a kind of candy.

Milky eyes stare back, then lurch at him with terrible speed
just as Neville lets the slot fall SHUT.

NEVILLE
I like you too. But I'm taken.

He deposits the ampule into a closing chimney at the top of
the cage. (OVER) The sound of HISSING gas and the THUMP of a
body hitting the floor inside.

NEVILLE
You wouldn't have liked her. Skinny
thing.

Neville hits a wall switch and the room is bathed in infra-
red light. He opens the cage, lifts the creature onto the
surgical table.

NEVILLE
Hardly get you through the day, the
way you burn calories...

But Neville trails off. He stares at the unconscious creature
on his table. Face covered with ash. But this was a kid. He's
still wearing his tattered little league outfit.

NEVILLE
Oh man...

Hard not to get it, now, the way his expression cracks. All
the bravado. The talk. It's whistling in the dark. To keep
out the fear. Or worse.

A SERIES OF SHOTS.

Shackles on wrists and ankles...A hand held shower rinses off
ash to reveal skin red with pustules...Impossibly articulated
muscles...A lid is pulled back to reveal those milky white
eyes...A sun lamp shined on a small patch of skin produces an
instant swelling of blisters.

Neville retrieves his blood serum from the centrifuge,
introduces the liquid into a very sharp hypodermic needle.

NEVILLE

One game you can still win, kid.

He slides the needle into the boys arm. Or tries to. The sharp sled point won't pierce skin. Neville frowns, confused. Brings the infrared light closer.

A section of the boys forearm has hardened, seems almost alabaster.

Neville shakes his head. This is obviously something new. He walks his finger up the boy's arm, finds the edge of the hardened skin, injects the soft of a vein there.

The reaction is fast, almost instantaneous. Even unconscious, the creature begins to GROWL and twitch.

Something starts to happen. Some slight change in pigmentation.

Neville pulls over the sun lamp again. Skin doesn't burn or blister. Pulls open an eyelid. Pupil is becoming less milky.

NEVILLE

Come on, son, you can do it.

But suddenly the creature spasms, body arching, pain bringing it conscious in a terrible SCREAM. And Neville's blood is rejected, literally explodes out of the creature's pores.

Eyes go milky again. Skin blisters under the light. The creature dies. Painfully. Neville stands looking down at it.

He lives in a nightmare.

NEVILLE

God rest you.

HOLD on Neville as he drops his head, maybe sorrow, maybe prayer.

EXT. NYC MORNING - ESTABLISHING SHOTS

Sunrise over NYC. WIDE SHOTS of the abandoned city. Times Square. Midtown, South Street Seaport.

INT. NEVILLE'S ROOM MORNING

Alarm BLARES. Dog wakes. Neville just lays in bed.

Sam BARKS a few times. Neville doesn't respond. Sam jumps on the bed, starts licking him.

Finally, he pushes the dog off and sits on the edge of the bed. You feel this dark, you don't get out of bed for anyone, even if you're not the last man in the world.

Then his eyes light on that case of batteries from the gas station sitting on his night table. He sits up.

NEVILLE

Okay, Sam. How about this one? How many licks does it take to get to the center of a Tootsie Pop?

EXT. MET LIFE BUILDING - DAY

Neville's empty car sits in front of the familiar building.

INT. MET LIFE BUILDING - ROOFTOP SUITE - DAY

Neville kneels over his make shift surveillance station, installing the last batteries in the portable generator.

Equipment powers up. Monitor lights to show a rotation of camera views inside the hotel across the street.

Powerful lenses are aimed at various holes in the curtains and newspaper covered windows. At first the building seems empty. Then motion. Neville zooms using a toggle, starts searching the space.

Not empty at all. The shadows move. To fast. Human shaped. See them only in glimpses. Like quick moving dead.

Everywhere, as the images rotate through, in the lobby, the hallways, those creatures we saw last night.

All look ashen. Clothes, too, are in tatters. But these were once New Yorkers. Torn bus driver uniforms, chic business garb. A populous of the damned.

No image lasts long. Neville is moving the camera, back and forth, up and down, looking for something...someone.

NEVILLE

Where are you?

Neville is focusing on a single apartment. Hard to see what he sees. So much in shadow.

NEVILLE

Did you move?

He looks over his shoulder at the board bearing the marked schematic of the apartment building.

NEVILLE

Come on, come on.

Neville is toggling through images. Ever faster. Obviously not finding what he's looking for. More and more anxious.

NEVILLE

Mets.

Neville has isolated a fellow in a Met's cap.

NEVILLE

What's for breakfast?

That's when we realize what this thing is doing. Feeding. By the looks of things, they eat their wounded.

NEVILLE

Where's your pal?

He toggles around Mets to find another creature nearby in what was once a business suit.

NEVILLE

Hello Alpha you dick-head piece of shit.

Neville holds the image of this man. He has something in his hands. Flesh. Let's not ask what.

Neville follows Alpha with the camera, away from the now ravaging crowd. Neville's eyes are full of dread and hope.

NEVILLE

Here we go.

Alpha disappears from one screen. Neville toggles to another image showing him entering an apartment.

NEVILLE

You moved.

Neville watches now as two creatures emerge from the shadows, coming into focus...a woman and a girl, maybe ten.

NEVILLE

312.

Neville turns and quickly draws an arrow from the hallway into a new suite. Then marks the most recent x there.

The woman comes to Alpha and he nudges her with his face, hard, predatory, sexual. She turns, see her clearly now.

NEVILLE

Hello, baby.

Tears are streaming down Neville's face. We've seen her the way she looked before, before her eyes went white and her humanity ran from her like breaking water. In his dream.

NEVILLE

Didn't work again, yesterday.

Alpha hands her some meat and she begins ravaging it. That's when the smaller creature approaches. Tries to grab some flesh from Alpha. Alpha backhands her across the floor.

NEVILLE

I am going to kill you, you undead
piece of shit. I am going to kill
you so, so dead.

Neville has tracked to the child, who lays in a heap on the floor. Not moving.

NEVILLE

Come on sweet girl. Remember when
daddy bought you that sled? You
fell so hard. But you got right
back up. You got right back up.
Please baby. Please get back up.

The Woman has moved to her daughter, cradles her still form. Slowly the child begins to move.

Alpha approaches. Janice lashes out, feral, and Alpha steps back. Is he laughing? He offers her a joint of meat.

Janice reaches for it. Alpha snatches it back. Licks Janice's neck. Offers the meat again. Janice takes the meat, hands it to her child. Alpha tugs Janice, this the price of food.

Janice hands her child the joint and with a last look, lets herself be led away into a room Neville cannot see.

Neville pushes in on the child alone on the floor, holding the meat in her arms.

NEVILLE

See you tomorrow. Daddy will be
back tomorrow.

HOLD on Neville, on his face a map of his breaking heart.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - DAY

Familiar billboards and theatre marquees. But amongst them
are giant posters that warn of symptoms, offer hot-lines.

Neville is dragging a big sack behind him in one hand,
holding a wooden club over his shoulder in the other.

He stops, looks around at this ghost heart of a ghost's city.
Then he reaches into the bag, pulls out...a baseball.

NEVILLE

The invaded hemoglobin might be
able to reverse the toxicity
effect, turn on itself.

He tosses up the ball, and that club isn't a club, its a bat.
WHACK! High fly ball dead into a window in the NASDAQ.

NEVILLE

You see the way they reject the
vaccinated blood?

Sam just sits staring up at him, used to this, as Neville
hits balls into the windows around Times Square.

NEVILLE

That reaction could be inverted. We
need to separate the invaded
hemoglobin, Sam.

EXT. THIRTY FOURTH STREET - DAY

Neville and Sam are walking down the middle of Fifth Avenue.
Neville still working out his problem.

NEVILLE

We can't separate the hemoglobin
without a bigger centrifuge. Why
can't you have hands, Sam?

They are passing Macy's once famous windows, shattered. Only
now the male mannikins are naked. Sam BARKS at the window.

NEVILLE

Yeah, no more window shopping for us. We've cleaned 'em out. Tell you what, tomorrow we go uptown to Bloomies, see what they have. Maybe some Armani for me, and if you're good, a plush DKNY cat for you-

Sam BARKS again at the department store. Neville's smile vanishes, guns coming up like lightning.

NEVILLE

Okay. Let's back up. Lots of shadows in there, Sam.

Sam's BARKING is going crazy.

NEVILLE

Hey, come on, we're safe out here, come on now.

Neville starts to back away.

NEVILLE

Sam.

The dog doesn't move. Neville's never seen this. He grabs Sam's collar, tries to pull him back.

NEVILLE

Sam-

And the dog bolts. With lightning speed Sam is across the street, over the side walk, through one of the broken windows and into the abandoned store.

NEVILLE

Sam, no!

Neville takes less than a beat to decide.

NEVILLE

Goddamn it, Sam!

But he's already in a full sprint, racing after the dog.

INT. MACY'S DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Actually, not really that dark on the ground floor. Windows, glass doors, make for a reasonable daytime twilight.

NEVILLE
Stupid, dumb, idiot dog.

Not that Neville's particularly happy. Innumerable shadows spill over cosmetics counters. Neville walks, guns drawn.

NEVILLE
(angry whisper)
Sam! SAM!

Sam runs out into the middle of an aisle almost scaring Neville to death, dog's tail wagging, then whips off again.

NEVILLE
Kill the dog.

Neville follows his disappearing hound towards mens-wear.

NEVILLE
Dog burgers, dog soup, doggie
chops...

INT. MACY'S DEPARTMENT STORE - WOMEN'S ACCESORIES - DAY

Neville moves gingerly forward, pistol in hand. A flicker of movement in the darkness ahead. He draws his candy stick, passes a cash register where thousands of dollars lay spilled on the marble floors.

That movement up ahead again. Neville proceeds cautiously, deeper into the darkness. He's working his lips, saying Sam's name over and over again, VOICE barely audible.

The movement comes from behind him. He spins. See what he sees. Two deer stand facing him, a stag and a fawn.

Neville looks at the gun in his hand, hammer pulled back. At the fresh food. A long beat. He let's the hammer go gently.

(OVER) Sam BARKS. The deer bolt. Neville shakes his head, starts after the SOUND of his dog.

INT. MACY'S DEPARTMENT STORE - COUTURE SECTION - DAY

Neville walks through a display of male and female mannequins who have been dressed and posed as if at a Soho opening.

NEVILLE
It was a deer, genius. Can we go
now?

He pauses. In front of him is a waif-like woman in a black dress. Perfect, except that she's made of plastic.

Neville stops. Tempted.

NEVILLE

Walk away. Just walk away.

That's when Sam YAPS. Neville spins, jogs right. Sam is sitting at the foot of a skinny mannequin in casual clothes.

NEVILLE

Sam, get over here, you idiot.

Sam is staring at the mannequin and wagging his tail furiously.

NEVILLE

It can't play with you it's a doll...

Neville's voice trails off. Sure this fellow's plastic. But then what's that reflecting off his skin. Sweat.

NEVILLE

Hey-

And the mannequin bolts. This fellow may be lithe, but he's sure fast. Terror will do that to you.

NEVILLE

Wait!

The fellow is already racing across the aisle and is up out through the broken window into the sunlit streets.

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - DAY

Neville bounds through the window behind Sam, both racing towards the fleeing man.

The man races down fifth, leaping a spilled hotdog cart, darting into a service alley, Sam nearly on him when he SLAMS a service gate behind him, blocking the dog's way.

Neville flies past Sam, leaps the gate, scrambling over the top, hitting the ground, racing down the ally and finally leaping to bring down the man who begins to instantly SCREAM.

MAN (PHILLIP)

Please don't eat me oh God please
get away please, please, please.

Neville is stunned, sitting on top of him. He ignores the man's SHOUTS, checks his skin, confirms the sunlight, grabs the man's face and holds open an eye. Needless to say all this has less than a calming effect on the fellow.

MAN

No, no, no, no, no, no. Please. Oh
God, please, stop, don't stop.

Neville looks up at the sun again, then down to the light shining on his face just to make sure he's not mad.

MAN

Don't eat me, sweet Jesus, all the
saints and-

NEVILLE

Son of a bitch.

MAN

Please, oh no, oh God-

NEVILLE

Not infected. Hey. Listen-

MAN

Sweet mother of mercy, Jesus in thy
name-

NEVILLE

Look. I'm not going to kill you.

MAN

I don't want to die-

NEVILLE

Just shut up. Please.

MAN

I don't want to-

Neville puts his pistol right on the man's forehead.

NEVILLE

Shut. Up.

Pulls back the hammer with a CLICK.

NEVILLE

Please.

The man freezes. His eyes focus on Neville. Sam comes trotting around the corner and begins licking his face.

MAN

You're...you're human.

Neville stands, giving the Man a hand up and standing.

NEVILLE

Yes. I am.

The man opens his mouth to speak. But simply spills tears of joy. Then he grabs Neville and hugs him.

Neville stands still a beat, unsure quite what to do. Finally, he hugs him back.

INT. STARBUCKS - TIMES SQUARE - DAY

The Man sits at a window table with Sam, looking out nervously at the dark electronic billboards.

Neville pushes into the coffee shop with two boxes of cereal, cans of evaporated milk and a bottle of tequila.

PHILLIP

(off the bottle, wary)

Hey, sun's over the yardarm
somewhere, right?

NEVILLE

They don't like grains, much. Ah...

The Man is already tearing open a cereal box, shoving handfuls of Captain Crunch in his mouth.

MAN

(through full mouth)

Fup.

(swallows)

Sorry. Phillip.

NEVILLE

Neville. And this is Sam.

PHILLIP continues his dry feast as Neville systematically opens three cans of the milk, pours the cereal into them.

PHILLIP

I knew it. I knew other people were
immune. I just knew it.

Neville eats slowly. Both are still stunned, and, as is Neville's want, he is trying to understand.

NEVILLE

Did you ever work in a biologicals lab? A doctor's office, hospital?

PHILLIP

What? Me, no? I'm a chef. Well cook actually, but they like to say chef where I work. Balthazar. On fourteenth, know it? Great fruit de mare?

NEVILLE

No.

PHILLIP

I mean I practically live down there ---that's me, no life--- so the first stage of quarantine hits and there's pandemonium and the truth is I don't like crowds. I'm not strictly an agoraphobic, although you could probably apply that diagnosis, but it's not a phobia, really, more of an aversion, you know?

Neville just nods.

PHILLIP

So they have this food cellar that we always call the village in the village because it basically is one. A village I mean. It's got its own generators and they keep weeks worth of food and wine down there, there's even a bathroom, and every time I'd come up during the day I didn't see anyone and every time I'd come up at night....

Phillip stares off for a moment, into memory.

PHILLIP

So I ended up going from practically living at my job to living at my job and I figured I'd last until the food ran out but then the generators ran out first. And then all this, I mean Jesus Christ. All this, you know?

He looks at Neville.

PHILLIP
I'm sorry. I just haven't had
anyone to talk to for a long time.

NEVILLE
Yeah.

The two sit in silence a beat. Then...

PHILLIP
You're not sick.

NEVILLE
No.

PHILLIP
Am I still going to get it?

NEVILLE
How long?

PHILLIP
I'm sorry.

NEVILLE
Since you've been outside.

PHILLIP
About three days.

NEVILLE
Three days you're either dead or
worse. You're symptom free.

Phillip closes his eyes in relief.

PHILLIP
So when is it?

NEVILLE
What?

PHILLIP
Now. Today.

NEVILLE
May. 14 months since quarantine.

PHILLIP
Man. And they did like they said?
Sealed off the city?

NEVILLE
Blew all the bridges and sealed all
the tunnels.

Phillip takes a breath before asking.

PHILLIP
Did it spread?

Finally...

PHILLIP
The world isn't gone, right?

No other way to say it.

NEVILLE
No. Just about half of it.

Phillip just stares at him. Neville slides the Tequila,
towards him, brought out for this very purpose.

NEVILLE
Go on.

Phillip stares at the bottle like a foreign object. Neville
unscrews the cap, slides it back. Phillip takes a shot.

PHILLIP
Half?

NEVILLE
Maybe a little more. Reports out of
Asia got pretty sketchy by the end.

Phillip sits there feeling the burn of the alcohol.

PHILLIP
Which half? Did they find a cure?
Can we get out of the city, even?

Neville checks his watch, then rises.

NEVILLE
Come on.

PHILLIP
Come on where?

NEVILLE
See if we can catch the news.

Phillip glances out the window at the obviously powerless city but Neville is already walking out the door. It's the first time it occurs to Phillip, Neville may be mad.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - DAY

Phillip catches up as they cross abandoned 42nd Street.

PHILLIP

Man, slow down. Who are you? What are you even doing here?

NEVILLE

I stayed behind.

(OVER) A CRASH. Neville spins at the sound, camera whips around as a fire engine SMASHES into the NASDAQ building.

HELICOPTER PA (OVER)

This is the United States Army.
Please remain calm.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - THREE MONTHS EARLIER - DAY

Times Square is a solid mob. Choppers BUZZ low amidst the buildings, several of which are bagged with quarantine bags.

HELICOPTER PA (OVER)

Proceed in an orderly fashion.

FIND Neville, Janice and Lucy as they are herded with thousands of others toward the rows of Red Cross testing kiosks that form a wall across forty-third street.

Janice is holding Lucy, who's clearly got something, tiny head beading with sweat. She WHISPERS soothingly to her.

Neville and his family have reached the toll row of kiosks. You're clean, a green tatoo on your wrist and you go one way, infected, a red tatoo and you go the other. Simple as that.

NEVILLE

Listen, I'm a doctor. CDC said there was a priority line.

The scores of too young MEN and WOMEN in Army greens bearing automatics mean only one thing. Martial law.

GI

Priority line's closed.

Neville and Janice are ushered to two kiosks, facing each other across the aisle between the two testing stations.

HELICOPTER PA (OVER)
You must be cleared to leave the island. Please remain calm.

A team of exhausted, drained medics commence the testing. It's a cold procedure. Sit down, tie off the arm, mix with antibody and watch for the violent reaction.

NEVILLE
(shouting)
You okay?

WIFE
(mouthing)
I love you.

Neville is stamped green. And, without fanfare, his wife and child are stamped red and pulled away by two soldiers. They SCREAM.

NEVILLE
Wait!

Neville tries to run towards his family but they're being dragged away. Further and further away.

NEVILLE
I'm a doctor. Wait.

Neville knocks through a couple of soldiers. He may have had some training himself and he's desperate. Besides, nobody tries to break *into* the infected zone.

Neville puts another soldier down, almost makes it to his family when a rifle butt comes SMASHING into his temple. His SCREAMING wife and child are the last thing Neville sees before the world goes black.

EXT. SOUTH STREET SEAPORT - MOVING - NIGHT

Images come in and out of focus. Desperate faces. Trash can fires. More soldiers. Neville comes to in the RUMBLING back of a flat bed.

The truck moves amidst wide columns of the un-infected who stumble towards the shore. Barges have already set sail, taking them to the safety of Brooklyn.

YOUNG WOMAN (OVER)
You can't do that.

SOLDIER (OVER)
Sit back down please, ma'am.

A helicopter sweeps overhead, spot light from it's belly momentarily blinding Neville.

LOUDSPEAKER (OVER)
Stage three quarantine will take effect in fifteen minutes, all individuals marked green must report to barges for debarkation.

YOUNG WOMAN
It's not **fair**. They didn't do anything.

SOLDIER
Ma'am, sit back down, right now.

Neville focuses on a YOUNG WOMAN, her blood up, facing off a SOLDIER who can't be older than sixteen watching over this truck bed full of stragglers. Now he's bringing up his gun.

NEVILLE
Hey, take it easy, son.

Neville has managed to pull himself sitting.

NEVILLE
Lady, sit down. Sit down.

A beat. Then she let's the stern reasonableness in his eyes penetrate her rage. She obliges.

YOUNG WOMAN
They're going to leave them all to die.

Neville follows her gaze. Behind them, is a mesh pen maybe half a city block in size filled with thousands of YELPING, HOWLING, WHINING dogs.

YOUNG WOMAN
They'll kill each other.

Her rage has instantly turned, tears now spilling down her face. The Soldier has been keeping a watchful eye on the two of them. By the sound of his VOICE he's told her this before.

SOLDIER

They're carriers, Miss.

NEVILLE

No. No. That's not right. The Human mutation hasn't aerolized for canines. Dogs are immune unless there's fluid to fluid contact. Like a bloody scratch or a bite with infected saliva.

The Soldier's eyes narrow, as if to say; not another one. Neville has locked eyes with a German Shepherd who stands apart from the BARKING mass, simply staring forward out the fence. A dog we will come to know as Sam.

NEVILLE

There's actually no need-

SOLDIER

Sir, I'm sorry, but I really need you to shut up now.

Kid's a baby. Scared shit himself. You really can't blame him. That's when the truck RUMBLES to a stop.

SOLDIER

Let's go, people.

LOUDSPEAKER (OVER)

Quarantine will commence in nine minutes.

Neville and the others spill out of the truck where another GI waits. They are shoved into line. The columns shuffling towards shore are ten people wide, maybe twenty feet apart. Soldiers patrol the no-man's-land between them.

NEVILLE

Listen, I've got to get back to-

SOLDIER

Back in line, please.

NEVILLE

I need to find my-

The soldier shoves him. Eyes exhausted. (OVER) Several ROUNDS. A SCREAM. Neville turns to that woman, still next to him.

NEVILLE

I need your help.

She frowns at him.

NEVILLE
I have to stay.

YOUNG WOMAN
You what?

NEVILLE
My family's still here.

The woman opens her mouth to speak. Thinks better of it.

NEVILLE
I just need a distraction. They're
hardly guarding the rear.

YOUNG WOMAN
They shot someone already. A guy. I
saw it.

Neville nods, understanding her fear.

NEVILLE
I'll free them.

YOUNG WOMAN
What?

NEVILLE
The dogs. Help me and I'll do it.

The young woman just stares at him.

LOUDSPEAKER (OVER)
Quarantine will commence in seven
minutes.

NEVILLE
Please.

The moment lasts, then....

YOUNG WOMAN
Fuck you!

She holds Neville's eyes.

YOUNG WOMAN
Good luck.

She steps out of line.

YOUNG WOMAN
I'm not waiting here.

She starts walking towards shore. Soldiers in the no man's land between the columns fly to her like flies to honey.

YOUNG WOMAN
I need to go first. Really. I need
to go let me go I need to go!

That's all the distraction Neville needs. He's sprinting back towards the perimeter, dodging sweeping helicopter spots, jumping down and rolling behind a stack of shipping palettes.

Neville watches as the woman is returned to her place in line. He sees her scan for him, but she won't see him again.

LOUDSPEAKER (OVER)
Quarantine will commence in four
minutes.

On the shore, the last of the un-infected are boarding the barges, pulling out to sea. The dogs HOWL. The first wave of helicopters ROAR away overhead, abandoning the island.

The only Army presence that now remains is a single row of soldiers holding back the teeming masses of unprocessed who grow ever more desperate on the other side of the chain link fence. The poor, the infected, those who were just too frightened to get tested, all have been damned together.

Now wind RIPS the lot, kicking up dirt in blinding light as two flying gunships set down, personnel hatches sliding open. Two soldiers holding automatics jump out of each.

SOLDIER
(shouting)
Bug out. Move! Move!

The last soldiers sprint away from the fence, racing into the gun ships, lifted up and away. The crowd rushes the fences in an instant, metal going down, rushing past Neville to the edge of the water, SCREAMING for help that will never come, BEGGING not be left behind.

Some even start swimming towards the departing barges. A sergeant on the rear barge lifts a megaphone.

SERGEANT
(over megaphone)
Return to shore! Do not approach
the barges! You will be fired on!

Sergeant doesn't even wait to see that none of the swimmers respond. He simply nods and two GIs open FIRE, spraying the water with bullets, stopping the swimmers for good.

Hell has come to Manhattan.

The Triboro bridge goes first, far enough up the East River that the lights exploding there could be fireworks.

Then the Third Avenue and the Williamsburg bridges go and they are close enough that Neville can see the lights of the gunships, the streak of the rockets before they EXPLODE.

Finally the giant gunships blow the centers of the Manhattan and then Brooklyn Bridges, their roadways EXPLODING, mighty cables SNAPPING and SCREAMING through air, molten steel falling into the water in a terrible ROAR of steam.

The crowd has grown still on the shore, stunned, some fools still trying to swim. Others are turning away.

As the BLADE-SOUND of the choppers recede along with the GUNSHOTS, all that is left is the sounds of WEeping.

Neville turns and looks back toward the broken fence and the city beyond. There's still electric in these early days. Still running water, but the first fires are already starting.

Neville starts towards South Street when he hears the YAPPING. A beat. He walks to that giant cage.

It only takes a moment to find a metal rod long enough to wedge between the chain links. He turns until the padlock finally SNAPS.

NEVILLE

Good luck to you.

He pulls open the cage door and the dogs hurl past him. For a moment he is in the center of a rushing sea of fur and then all the dogs are gone into the night. All except one.

That German Shepherd stands staring up at him.

NEVILLE

I can't do you any good, friend.

Neville starts off. The dog trails.

NEVILLE

Get lost.

He keeps walking. The dog follows. Neville stops. Looks down at the beast. The moment lasts. He heads off into the city, this dog now walking at his side.

PHILLIP (OVER)
They look like matchbox cars.

INT. NEVILLE'S SUV - DAY - DRIVING

Neville drives. Sam is in the passenger seat. Phillip sits in back, ogling the piles of cars, bulldozed onto the sidewalks so they do, in fact, look like discarded children's toys.

NEVILLE
Army Corps of Engineers bulldozed
routes of egress. Back when they
still thought people'd be leaving.

Phillip nods. He touches the wire mesh inside the windows.

PHILLIP
You sure outfitted this thing, huh?

Neville looks at him in the rearview mirror.

PHILLIP
I mean you couldn't get one of
these standard could you, no matter
what, except maybe in Beirut.

Phillip's eyeing the metal spikes jutting through the hood.

PHILLIP
I saw a few. Early on, before
quarantine.

Neville just nods.

PHILLIP
Then, in the last few days... They
pretty much only come out at night,
right?

NEVILLE
Pretty much.

PHILLIP
So how many are there?

NEVILLE
I don't know. Far as I can
estimate, a few hundred thousand.

PHILLIP

Oh.

That's a lot.

PHILLIP

Everyone else got out?

NEVILLE

Everyone else died.

Neville pulls the car up at curb-side.

PHILLIP

They....

NEVILLE

Died.

Neville is already out the door.

EXT. COLUMBUS CIRCLE - DAY

Neville is locking the car. Phillip emerges, stares over Neville's shoulder at Central Park. Or what's left of it.

Where once were trees and lush meadows, now sits a giant black charcoal pit. The entire park is gone.

NEVILLE

They burned the bodies. At first.

Phillip just stares. Neville checks two pistols and his candy stick.

NEVILLE

Here.

He's holding one of the pistols out towards Phillip.

NEVILLE

When you shoot, shoot for the head.

PHILLIP

What. No. Look, I know these things are tough-

Phillip is looking at the marks on Neville's car, the metal spears stained a deep red.

PHILLIP

But I'm a cook, okay-

NEVILLE

No, Phillip. They're not tough.

Neville holds Phillip's eyes.

NEVILLE

This version of hemorrhagic fever is an airborne contagion. It has an eighty percent kill rate, but like most diseases, it is too smart to wipe out its host species entirely.

He's checking his automatics.

NEVILLE

Those it doesn't kill, it changes. It turns the body into an incubator for the disease. The adrenal gland enlarges and becomes hyper-stimulated. Reflexes are heightened, senses enhanced, musculature is articulated and gains both dexterity and strength. Imagine your car burning through a full tank of gas on one city block and you'll get the idea of how hot these things run.

Neville takes a beat, making sure this is sinking in.

NEVILLE

Now these are the side effects. An intense, even lethal, allergic response to light. And their super charged metabolism keeps them in a perpetual fever state so higher brain functions are impaired. You understand?

Phillip nods.

NEVILLE

They form packs. And they hunt. Any kind of protein. They've gotten most of the cats and dogs except Sam. They've made a pretty serious dent in the rats. But mostly what they'd like is you and me. First they drink your blood through the neck. Just like vampires. Then they eat your flesh right off the bone.

Neville holds up the gun in his hand.

NEVILLE

Hemocytes are not pretty tough,
Phillip. They are the carriers of a
disease come from heaven or man
that is likely to wipe out the
human race and they want nothing
more than to eat you and me alive.
Got it?

Phillip just opens his mouth, then closes it again.

NEVILLE

That's exactly what I wanted you to
say.

Neville CLICKS off the safety and thrusts the pistol into
Phillip's hand. This time Phillip takes it.

NEVILLE

Okay, let's go see what's on.

See where Neville is heading...

INT. TIME WARNER BUILDING - DAY

Neville and Phillip and Sam cross the giant, glass lobby,
climb the still escalator.

NEVILLE

They prefer night. But they can
manage shadows. So, I try to stick
to places with lots of windows. Or
metal you can shoot holes into.

He's come to a doorway with several padlocks. He pulls his
key-chain and opens them.

NEVILLE

Funny, you couldn't drag me to a
beach. I always hated the sun.

He pulls open the door, guns aimed. Nothing.

NEVILLE

Go, Sam.

Sam runs in. Silence. Then two BARKS.

NEVILLE

Clear.

They push into...

INT. CNN NEWS - SITUATION ROOM -DAY

Chairs. Monitors, you can imagine this place was all a bustle back when people had jobs or were, for that matter, alive.

NEVILLE

The satellite grid's gone dark.

Neville crosses the room, activating one of his make-shift generators. The room comes to life, screens flickering.

NEVILLE

But these are still on the main network relays.

PHILLIP

Okay...

NEVILLE

(translating)

We get to watch TV.

Monitors are coming on, the electric light somehow startling.

NEVILLE

You might want to sit down.

PHILLIP

Right. Yeah. Okay.

He obliges.

PHILLIP

You still got that tequila?

NEVILLE

You've had enough.

Phillip frowns.

NEVILLE

CNN's got twenty four hour coverage. Like the three gulf wars.

All the screens on the wall break into life. A giant logo PANDEMIC, replete with its own MUSICAL THEME. Too LOUD.

NEVILLE

(lowering the volume)

Sorry. Old habit.

ON SCREEN- The logo gives way to an anchor behind a desk.

ANCHOR

Satellite photos now confirm that Sri Lanka is the latest victim of the hemorrhagic plague.

Day photos of a dead city. Nothing moves.

ANCHOR

Sri Lanka becomes the sixty fifth major city to be immobilized.

Flattened graphic of the world highlights infected cities, graphic now wrapping into a globe. More like two thirds of the world than half appears to be infected.

ANCHOR

A spokesman for the CDC WHO in Geneva says that progress is being made on a trial vaccine.

NEVILLE

Bullshit by the way.

Phillip shoots him a look.

ANCHOR

Meanwhile the Senate voted down another bill to re-open state borders.

SENATOR

We understand the terrible hardship of those families who were separated at the time of the border closings. But we must do everything we can to contain the spread of the disease.

ANCHOR

In a related story America Airlines closed its doors last night, the latest casualty of the worldwide ban on manned air travel.

The PANDEMIC logo appears again. FADE TO a COUPLE sitting in front of a computer, perusing images of groceries.

NARRATOR

Why risk infection? Amazon home delivery trucks are fully automated-

Neville hits a switch and the screens flick over to CNN2.

CNN2 ANCHOR

Hearings continue on the so called
cleansing initiative. Democrats are
lobbying strongly for the use of
low level neutron weapons to
sterilize infected areas.

PHILLIP

What?

ANCHOR

White House sources say the plan is
gaining momentum with Acting
President Howard-

PHILLIP

They want to what? Bomb what?

NEVILLE

The city. All the cities. The ones
that are infected.

Phillip just stares at him.

NEVILLE

You have to clean the margins.

Philip's mouth is still open.

NEVILLE

When you have a malignancy in the
body, you remove it. At the same
time, you also remove an area of
good tissue around the malignancy.
These are called the margins. If
someone doesn't find a vaccine soon
it's the only thing that will save
the planet.

PHILLIP

What are you a doctor?

NEVILLE

I was.

PHILLIP

But you can't be serious. They're
going to bomb the city?

NEVILLE

No. Not yet.

Phillip has little time for relief.

NEVILLE
And by the time they do it will be
too late.

Neville checks his watch.

NEVILLE
Shit.

PHILLIP
What? Don't say shit.

NEVILLE
We've got to go.

Neville shuts down the generator, the room suddenly bathed in dark silence. Neville's already heading for the door.

INT. TIME WARNER BUILDING - FIRST FLOOR LANDING - AFTERNOON

Neville is walking towards the still escalator, Sam bounding along beside him.

PHILLIP
Stop. Okay? Just stop.

Neville turns.

PHILLIP
What are you doing? Where are you
going?

Phillip is standing in the upper lobby. Not moving. This guy looks on the edge of a breakdown. Who could blame him?

PHILLIP
What am I supposed to do?

NEVILLE
Okay, take it easy. Just come with
me-

PHILLIP
Come with you where? The whole
fucking world's gone.

Neville takes a long breath. He's been living such a singular life for so long, he's not used to anyone else.

NEVILLE

No. It's not. Jersey's clean. So's Connecticut. The East Coast had the best containment rate.

Phillip just stares at him.

NEVILLE

The army has provisions for the extraction of survivors. They're likely to poke and prod you some but you'll be safe, okay? You can get out of the city.

Phillip manages a nod.

NEVILLE

But not today. It's too late today. The sun's setting and we have to get inside. Phillip? Do you understand? We have to get inside.

A long beat.

NEVILLE

Phillip, we have to leave. Now.

Finally, he moves.

INT. CAR MOVING - SUNSET

They drive down fifth avenue. Fast. The sun is already hanging low in the sky. Shadows are growing long.

NEVILLE

Sun's setting.

Neville lead-foots the gas, tearing across 34th St.

NEVILLE

Got to get West.

He's shooting passed Eighth avenue, over the curb, now flying towards ninth.

NEVILLE

Maximize the light.

Neville corners hard onto West Street, hurling downtown, a dangerous chase with no apparent pursuer.

NEVILLE

Damn.

The sun is half a bleeding coin on the crimson Hudson.

NEVILLE

Hang on!

Impossibly he's going even faster. The sun continues to sink. Lower. Lower. Gone.

NEVILLE

Shit!

The dusk gives these creatures confidence. They start to move in windows. Shapes fill doorways. Again that terrible speed.

Red sky has turned dark blue as Neville corners again, cutting hard down 12th, SCREECHING up to his house.

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - DUSK - SECONDS LATER

Sam BARKS madly as Neville works the locks. Phillip just stands frozen, staring at the black ghosts darting from shadow to shadow in the park. The last glow of sun is fading.

PHILLIP

Jesus...

The door is opening. The shadows are closing, in the street, along the sides of the buildings, leaping cars, now, vaulting the park fence, a storm of hurling dark as...

Neville jerks Phillip inside at the last instant and SLAMS the door.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Neville throws a wall switch and the exterior strobes engage, their staccato pulse suddenly visible through the slatted boards over the windows. Outside (OVER) WAILS of agony.

Phillip is standing in the middle of the room, wide eyed, BREATHS coming ragged and fast.

PHILLIP

I...oh...god.

He puts his hand over his mouth. Neville gestures to a door in the hall. Phillip races into the bathroom. (OVER) The sounds of RETCHING. Sam looks up at Neville who just shrugs.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Phillip emerges having washed his face and hands. Looks around at this perfectly normal living room.

(OVER) Sounds from the other room. Still drying his hands on a towel, he follows the NOISE into...

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Neville is weighing out his food. Phillip watches. Neville doesn't even look up as he speaks.

NEVILLE
You better?

PHILLIP
Yeah. Sorry about that.

Neville just nods. Phillip looks around the room. He's clearly impressed by the appliances.

NEVILLE
You like to cook, huh?

PHILLIP
No. That wasn't me.

Simple as that.

PHILLIP
So what are you, some kind of survivor hunter or something?

NEVILLE
Not quite.

PHILLIP
But you've been here since the quarantine

NEVILLE
Yeah.

PHILLIP
So how many others have you seen?
Survivors, I mean.

Neville doesn't answer, just keeps preparing the food.

PHILLIP
How many more?

NEVILLE
Including you and me?

PHILLIP
Yeah.

NEVILLE
Two.

He lets that sink in.

PHILLIP
Wait. You're saying-.

NEVILLE
Yes.

PHILLIP
What's with the one word answers,
man? Come on what are you, Buddha?

Looks like all is just getting to be a bit much for Phillip.

PHILLIP
Why do you have to be such a dick?

Neville looks up at Phillip. Holds his gaze.

NEVILLE
Every person I've met recently has
tried to kill me or I've had to
kill them, you know?

Then Neville actually smiles.

NEVILLE
It makes you kind of anti-social.

A beat. Then Phillip shakes his head, smiles back.

PHILLIP
Let me. Least I can do.

He moves past Neville to the food.

PHILLIP
Come on, move along. Let's not hurt
ourselves on the big, fancy, food.
Go make yourself busy.

Neville stands reluctant a beat, then he steps away.

PHILLIP
Where do you keep your spices?

Neville just stares at him blankly.

PHILLIP
You know. Little dark things you
sprinkle on the food...?

INT. NEVILLE'S BASEMENT - NIGHT - NIGHT

Neville locks the door. Pulls test results from a computer.

INT. NEVILLE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT - INTERCUT

Phillip turn-opens cans of oysters and mushrooms.

INT. NEVILLE'S BASEMENT - NIGHT - INTERCUT

Neville examines a tissue sample, takes notes.

INT. NEVILLE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT - INTERCUT

Phillip slices a smoked ham haunch.

INT. NEVILLE'S BASEMENT - NIGHT - INTERCUT

Neville stares at a blackboard. Adjusts a DNA sequence.

INT. NEVILLE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT - INTERCUT

Phillip crushes tiny pomegranate seeds in bursting red.

CUT TO:

VIDEO CAMERA SCREEN -CLOSE

Neville's face fills the FRAME bordered by blinking power and
disk space icons.

NEVILLE
...first survivor is also
demonstrating immunity. Nothing in
his vectors suggest any exposure to
biologicals-.

PHILLIP
(entering frame)
Hey. Hi.

Phillip ENTERS FRAME, waves enthusiastically into the camera.

INT. NEVILLE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - SAME MOMENT

Neville stands staring at Phillip who's wearing a Zabars apron and holding a wooden spoon in his hand.

PHILLIP
Those guys who'd wait outside the
window of Good Morning America and
wave at the camera. I always wanted
to do that, you know?

Neville opens his mouth to answer but doesn't.

PHILLIP
Anyway, chow's on.

And with that Phillip is gone back into the kitchen, Sam padding after him. Neville just stares a beat.

VIDEO CAMERA SCREEN - CLOSE

Neville, incredulous, turns back to the camera. Then he reaches forward, CLICKING off the screen TO BLACK.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - SECONDS LATER

Neville ENTERS, stops cold in the doorway.

NEVILLE
Oh.

Not the way Neville usually eats. White table cloth. Flickering candles. Phillip has set the table for two.

Although the foods are obviously canned; smoked oysters, smoked salmon fillets, and smoked duck, canned peas and white asparagus, the spread is startling.

NEVILLE
God damn.

PHILLIP
Well it is my whole job.

Sam licks his jowls. Neville nods. Phillip is opening a bottle of wine, cork coming out with a promising POP.

NEVILLE

Where did you get that?

PHILLIP

Found a case in the pantry.

Neville just shakes his head.

NEVILLE

I haven't had a drink since....

Well, since.

Phillip is pouring the wine, rich, deep red as Neville sits.

PHILLIP

Okay.

Phillip bows his head, eyes closed.

PHILLIP

Our father we thank you for this
food which we are about to receive.

Neville is staring at him. Phillip smiles.

PHILLIP

Let's eat.

Neville cuts a piece of meat, dips it in the sauce and takes a bite. His eyes widen. He chews slowly.

NEVILLE

Oh, shit.

Phillip looks up. And damned if there aren't tears in Neville's eyes.

PHILLIP

I'll take that as a compliment.

INT. NEVILLE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Phillip sits on the couch. Neville is in a recliner. Two empties and a dented third bottle explain their looseness.

NEVILLE

Green Bay Packers.

PHILLIP
Basketball team?

NEVILLE
Football.

Phillip shakes his head.

PHILLIP
Not so much for sports.

Neville shrugs.

NEVILLE
Takes all kinds.

PHILLIP
Women.

He takes a beat off Neville's silence.

PHILLIP
Women?

NEVILLE
What? Oh yes, definitely. Just, one
in particular.

Neville smiles.

NEVILLE
Central Park on a Sunday. Right
around now. Folks just coming out
and sitting, throwing a frisbee.

Phillip nods.

PHILLIP
The forest.

NEVILLE
The forest.

PHILLIP
Yeah. But I'm here.

Neville nods.

PHILLIP
Radio. Especially Motown. When you
wouldn't know what song was next.
The Charells. The Platters.

NEVILLE
(singing)
Let the side show begin.

Phillip is startled by the clarity of his VOICE.

NEVILLE
I wanted to sing. My whole life.
All the way up until I joined the
Army.

PHILLIP
You were in the army?

Neville glances away. More than he wanted to say. Phillip gets it. A beat. Then Phillip finishes the verse.

PHILLIP
(singing)
See the girls who's collected
broken hearts for souvenirs.

Now it's Neville's turn to be startled. Phillip's VOICE is literally, spectacular.

PHILLIP
How I got through college.

Something so unexpected about this. Phillip keeps going.

PHILLIP
(singing)
It'll only cost you fifty cents to
see.

NEVILLE & PHILLIP
(singing)
What life has done to those like
you and me.

And here's the truth. Here at the end of the world, the HARMONY of these men is stunning, pitch perfect, beautiful.

They both look at each other, can't help grinning. When the music's right, you know it. And when they resume it's simultaneous.

NEVILLE & PHILLIP
(singing)
So let the side show begin, hurry,
hurry. Step right on in.

EXT. NEVILLE'S PLACE - NIGHT

(OVER) Their VOICES impossibly beautiful. And as we climb higher, in a world of shifting shadows, endlessly dark, lit by fires, still their VOICES ring on, clarion clear. Hope.

NEVILLE & PHILLIP

(singing)

Can't afford to pass it by
guaranteed to make you cry.

Suddenly all the lights of the city below flare back into life. Some traffic moves. Running people fill the streets. SCREAMS. SWOOP BACK DOWN as we are....

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Neville is running up the edge of West Side Park. Helicopters illuminate the barges now landing on the Jersey shore in b.g.

Sam is at his heels and through he's moving like a man on a mission, it's impossible not to ignore a city going mad. The most infected have already begun to move in packs.

WOMAN (OVER)

Help me! Help, please. Help!

Neville spins. A WOMAN is stumbling up the middle of West Street, baby in her arms. They're not as fast as they will be, but they're not as light sensitive either. They engulf her. Her SCREAMS, her baby's WAIL are cut abruptly short.

Neville reflexively lurches forward. Something is holding him back. Sam's got a bite-hold on his shirt. The beat lasts.

The creatures have finished, are now looking up. They fly across the street towards a stumbling couple and devour them.

NEVILLE

Okay.

He turns, starts running up the snaking cement path and then across the street into the city, Sam at his side.

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Neville tears around the corner to his house. Lights burn in the windows. He races to the front door. It's open.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK - CONTINUOUS

Neville pushes inside. The living room is different. A woman's touch.

NEVILLE
Janice! Lucy. Jan!

(OVER) SOUNDS coming from above. Something BANGING, being SMASHED again and again. He runs upstairs, towards the SOUND.

NEVILLE
Janice?

The BANGING is coming from behind a closed door. Sam tenses, begins to GROWL. Neville just kicks open the door.

A child's room. Empty. That BANGING is only shutters moving hard in the wind. Neville can barely contain his despair.

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER - FLASHBACK

Neville climbs onto the roof. More and more fires now. And from up here those packs of shadows can be seen everywhere.

NEVILLE
Janice! Janice!

But there is no answer. Only an endless peppering of SCREAMS. Some distant. Some so much closer.

NEVILLE
(breaking heart)
Jan.

Neville stands and stares out at the city of the damned.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

A figure blinks awake. Not Neville, but Phillip sits up in bed. Was he dreaming of Neville's past? Light seeps in through the cracks around the window boards. Morning.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

Phillip, dressed, comes into the hall.

PHILLIP
Neville. Neville?

No answer. He peers into...

INT. NEVILLE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Empty. Bed made. On the bedside table beside Neville's watch, Phillip sees a framed photo of a familiar woman and child. He lifts the picture.

INT. NEVILLE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Phillip ENTERS. No one here either. He starts towards the kitchen when (OVER) SCRATCHING gets his attention. It's coming from a closed door at the bottom of a small stair.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT STAIRS - DAY

Phillip descends towards the SOUND. He pauses at the bottom step. Sounds LOUDER now as he stares at the blank wood door.

PHILLIP

Neville?

Phillip puts his hand on the doorknob. Turns and then, slowly pushes open the door to REVEAL...

INT. NEVILLE'S LAB - CONTINUOUS

That medical equipment. Those work-boards. The SCRATCHING comes from across the room. As Phillip heads towards it he notices the rotating shield on Neville's monitors. USMARID.

Phillip crosses warily passed the operating table. Note the stacks of files and mini-disks. All have ARMY logos emblazoned on their covers and many are stamped CLASSIFIED.

Phillip pauses over the candy-stick in its charger, touching it, hands running over this home-made contraption of car batteries and strobe lights.

That SCRATCHING is coming from those two metal cages under the chimney chute. Growing ever more desperate.

Phillip approaches the grey metal boxes. The SOUND is coming from the closer one, feeble, but gaining strength.

Phillip crouches down so he is eye level with the closed viewing port. A beat. He reaches out, touches the port door. Another beat. He lifts the divider...

A second of red eyes and we see what it is, a dog, infected, canines twice the normal length and then the creature is lunging forward just as Phillip is wrenched back onto the floor. He looks up to face Neville, Sam standing beside him.

NEVILLE PHILLIP
What are you doing in here. Jesus Christ!

The moment lasts. Then Phillip pulls himself standing.

NEVILLE
You check my medicine cabinet too?

Phillip just stares at him.

PHILLIP
What are you doing?

He looks at the operating table.

PHILLIP
Are you experimenting on them?

Neville just stands there, staring.

PHILLIP
Who are you man? What's going on?

Neville finally just SIGHS.

NEVILLE
I'm a doctor, Phillip. That's all.

PHILLIP
That's total bullshit.

NEVILLE
I need to check the traps.

Neville starts up the stairs. He turns to face Phillip who's not moving.

PHILLIP
Come on-

NEVILLE
(overlapping)
Come on, what do you think I'm
doing?

Phillip still says nothing. Finally, Neville says the words out loud.

NEVILLE
I'm trying to cure it, okay? I'm
trying to find the cure.

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - MORNING

The roof is covered with small metal spikes. On a few are
what's left of bodies, still blistering in the bright sun.

NEVILLE
Even in decay their skin cells
behave in an accelerated manner.

Phillip has pulled himself up through the hatch onto the
roof, watches as Neville examines the bodies.

NEVILLE
Look at this. Come here.

Phillip winces but joins him. Neville has pulled on gloves,
is sloughing away the dead skin on this creature's arm. She
might have been a housewife. Lives ago.

NEVILLE
This is new.

Under the skin, Neville has revealed a second layer. Hard and
white, like alabaster.

NEVILLE
There's a secondary set of side
effects occurring in those who
survive the infection.

He hoists the body, throws it off the roof, falling with a
THUD into an ash-filled dumpster behind the house.

NEVILLE
None of the pre-trial projections
offered any indications of a third
stage of the virus.

Neville lifts and tosses another body.

NEVILLE
Uncharted territory. But if the
disease isn't reversible in its
second stage, maybe it is in its
third. I don't know. I'm kind of
grasping at straws here.

Neville takes an ampule from his jacket, throws it into the dumpster. He lights a match, drops it in. WOOSH, bodies burn.

PHILLIP

Did you say pre-trial vectors?

Neville takes a beat before answering.

NEVILLE

Yeah. I did.

PHILLIP

Oh shit. Come on.

Neville is crossing to the hatch but Phillip blocks his way.

PHILLIP

Did you make this thing?

NEVILLE

Come on. Let's go inside.

Phillip puts his hand on Neville's chest, stopping him.

PHILLIP

Did you? Answer me. Dear God, is that why you're here. Did you?

NEVILLE

I don't know.

He just bows under Phillip's glare, starts down the hatch.

INT. NEVILLE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Neville stands at the sink washing his hands. Phillip stands just inside the doorway. Staring at him.

NEVILLE

Say something.

PHILLIP

What? You killed off half the human race. What do you want me to say? 'Great work! Fantastic. What do you do for an encore?'

NEVILLE

It's not that simple.

PHILLIP

Seems pretty simple. Did you create this thing or not?

NEVILLE

Yes. No. Maybe.

Neville takes a beat before continuing.

NEVILLE

We were all working on the same stuff. Viral delivery systems. Host mutators. Scientific innovation moves in patterns that are tidal. Watson and Crick. Nuclear fusion. The space race. They're not coincidence. Knowledge reaches critical mass and innovation appears. Did I build this thing, not precisely. I say that only because the infection pattern started in China. But I might have. I would have. We were all playing with the same fire. This bug was inevitable. And unchecked it's going to kill everyone in the world.

PHILLIP

Except you, apparently.

NEVILLE

And you.

Phillip takes a moment, letting that sink in.

NEVILLE

There's an antigen in my blood that I believe came from exposure to a trail form of the disease some years ago. So far I've been unsuccessful at turning it into a serum. Everything I make just kills the host. There's no naturally occurring immunity to this bug, we made damn sure of that, so you must have been exposed to the early form as well.

PHILLIP

How? I work in a kitchen.

NEVILLE
Maybe a subway. A bus.

PHILLIP
What?

NEVILLE
We...the Army...we do...did field
tests.
(off his look)
Non-lethals. Just to test viral
transmission patterns in random
control groups. Most of the time
all you get is a fast running cold.

PHILLIP
Most of the time?

Phillip just walks past him, goes to the door, begins opening
the locks. Neville simply stands there watching him.

NEVILLE
Where are you going?

PHILLIP
Maybe human beings deserve to die.
God creates a world and is repaid
by people like you.

He pulls open the door, sun spilling in. Phillip stands,
glowing, in the wedge of bright light. He doesn't move.

The two just stand there, separated by maybe five feet, and
by an almost unbridgeable abyss.

PHILLIP
You're all I've got, huh?

NEVILLE
I'm sorry.

PHILLIP
Yeah.
(beat)
Just get me out of the city.

EXT. CARNIVAL SITE - WEST SIDE PARK - DAY

More perfect sun. Wind moves the still young trees that line
the river. Neville's SUV pulls curbside, spilling passengers.

NEVILLE

Find the ball, Sam. Go!

Sam races off. The two just stand in the dappled sun. It might be any day in the world. Except for the emptiness.

NEVILLE

You can hear the wind moving
through the buildings. And the
water. New York makes sounds.

Phillip says nothing, just stares out at the horizon.

NEVILLE

Look, we're the last two people in
the city. You really want to give
me the silent treatment?

PHILLIP

How could you do it?

Neville considers before answering.

NEVILLE

It's like when you're a kid. You
think everything is permanent. We
can't really change things. Not
fundamentally. Somehow we exist in
a deep belief that the world
abides. It's little solace I know.
And less excuse. But its the truth.

That little bit of crazy in his eyes.

PHILLIP

What are you talking about?

NEVILLE

Maybe I was the devil. I'm not
really sure.

PHILLIP

And now you're going to fix
everything, that right?

NEVILLE

It's way too late for that.

PHILLIP

So what is this? Redemption?

(OVER) Sam BARKS. Neville points.

NEVILLE

There.

Sam is facing a bench overlooking the water. BARKS again. Under the wooden slatted seat is a familiar yellow ball.

NEVILLE

Good dog.

They close, Neville feeding Sam a Milk Bone. He kneels, lifts the sphere. A US ARMY logo and two emblazoned words SURVIVOR PHONE.

NEVILLE

Clever little things.

Neville thumbs the lock. A small laser scanner glides up and down his thumb and it clicks open.

NEVILLE

Biometric locks. Checks tissue for the disease before opening.

The lock CLICKS open. Phillip has reached out and lifted one of his own. Is about to thumb the lock.

NEVILLE

One will be enough.

He hands the phone to Phillip.

NEVILLE

I'd prefer they didn't know I was here.

A small screen is revealed by the opening sphere. A US MARID logo. Phillip stares at the screen as it comes to life.

SURVIVOR PHONE

Please stand by while a link is established...Please stand by while a link is established...

The wait is interminable. Phillip looks at Neville. Neville says nothing. The SEARCHING ICON continues to turn. Endless. What if no one answers...?

Suddenly the screen changes. On it a WOMAN sits behind a desk in an Army Captain's Uniform, the US MARID logo behind her.

CAPTAIN

Hello.

PHILLIP

Hello. Hello. My name is Phillip
Dugan. I'm in Manhattan-

CAPTAIN

This is an automated response from
US Marid. Por Espaniol abla see.
You are speaking on survivor phone
alpha gamma 69. Biometrics locks
confirmed. Your GPS locator
indicates your location as...

SURVIVOR PHONE

West Street, Manhattan.

CAPTAIN

Please say Yes. No. Or Operator.

PHILLIP

Operator.

CAPTAIN

A moment please.

A beat. Neville and Phillip exchange glances.

CAPTAIN

I'm sorry. That option is not
currently available. Your Location
is...

SURVIVOR PHONE

West Street Manhattan.

CAPTAIN

Please say Yes or no.

PHILLIP

Yes.

CAPTAIN

Confirmed. Please state the number
of un-infected survivors.

Phillip looks at Neville who just stares back at him. A beat.

PHILLIP

One.

CAPTAIN

Your primary extraction point and
time will be...

SURVIVOR PHONE
The Brooklyn Bridge. 0600 tomorrow.

CAPTAIN
Is this extraction point is
acceptable? Say yes. No. Or
operator.

PHILLIP
Operator.

CAPTAIN
One moment please. I'm sorry. That
option is not currently available.
Your Extraction Point is...

SURVIVOR PHONE
The Brooklyn Bridge. 0900 tomorrow.
One survivor.

CAPTAIN
Is that extraction point
acceptable? Say Yes. No-

PHILLIP
Yes.

CAPTAIN
Your extraction point is confirmed
for...

SURVIVOR PHONE
One survivor.

CAPTAIN
Please arrive at your extraction
point unarmed and ready for light
sensitivity and blood testing. Good
luck and Godspeed.

The screen flickers back to the USMARID logo. Then the beach
ball closes up again and the biometric locks back click on.
Phillip looks up from the sphere in his hand.

PHILLIP
(startled)
What is that?

Neville follows his gaze. Up ahead one of the jetties
stretching into the blue water. On it's surface two dark
forms seem to be moving. Animals. Big animals.

Neville takes a moment. Then he actually smiles.

NEVILLE
Come on. I'll show you.

EXT. WEST SIDE PARK - FOOT PATH - DAY

Phillip and Neville are walking towards the jetty.

PHILLIP
Why do you think the response was
only automated?

He's said it. They've been thinking the same thing, anyway.

NEVILLE
I don't know.

Phillip just looks at him.

NEVILLE
They send choppers over to drop the
beach balls. But I don't think
they're manned. That would be
standard for an airborne pathogen.

PHILLIP
And the news reports. There were
people on the news.

Neville looks away.

PHILLIP
What?

NEVILLE
Look, I've been here a long time.
By myself, okay. I'm half crazy.

PHILLIP
Just tell me.

NEVILLE
A few times. I'm not sure. It
seemed like I'd seen some of those
news broadcasts before.

Phillip lets this settle in.

PHILLIP
We're not the last two people on
earth, okay. Okay?

NEVILLE

Okay.

Neville tugs Phillip's arm, stopping him.

NEVILLE

There.

Follow Neville's gaze to the tree line at the base of the jetty. Shapes are visible through the branches. Golden fur.

NEVILLE

They stormed the zoo early. Ate
most of the animals out of the zoo.
But they couldn't take down these
two. Too big.

From the trees, the beasts emerge. A Lion and Lioness, their fur glowing in the sun light. They turn onto West street, walking together down the empty road.

PHILLIP

Dear God.

NEVILLE

Yeah.

The two watch a beat longer. Maybe Earth does abide. Neville turns to Phillip, the sight of that Lion still in his eyes.

NEVILLE

Look, you've got twenty four hours.
Will you help me?

Off Phillip's puzzled stare.

EXT. ST. VINCENTS HOSPITAL - DAY

Neville, Sam, and Phillip stare up at the giant bagged building, the car parked behind them. Here, too, the giant CDC bag has been burst outwards at the main entrance.

PHILLIP

In there?

Neville checks his watch.

NEVILLE

We've time. We've got hours until
dark.

Phillip is just looking at him.

NEVILLE
There's a piece of machinery I
need. For my tests.

Neville's tone is imploring.

NEVILLE
You'd be stunned at what you can't
do with only one pair of hands.

PHILLIP
I could just say no.

NEVILLE
Yeah. I know.

Neville nods. A long beat. Phillip extends his hand.

PHILLIP
Give me back one of those guns.

Neville obliges. They start forward.

NEVILLE
Thank you.

PHILLIP
You're welcome.

INT. ST. VINCENTS HOSPITAL - MAIN HALLWAY - DAY

Neville KICKS open the door, candy stick out before him. They
head down one of the long corridors.

PHILLIP
This must have been some scene.

NEVILLE
Whatever you're imagining. It was
worse.

Blood on the walls. The floor. Gurneys and medical equipment
everywhere.

PHILLIP
No bodies.

NEVILLE
Nope. Eaten.

PHILLIP
Eaten. Right. Eaten.

NEVILLE

This way.

Neville pushes open another door into...

INT. ST. VINCENTS HOSPITAL - CAFETERIA - DAY

The room has been lined with cots, now all empty. But the blood and signs of chaos are here too.

NEVILLE

Sometimes you feel like a nut.

Sometimes you don't.

PHILLIP

Peter Paul Almond Joy got nuts.

Peter Pall Mounds don't.

Neville turns, surprised. They are moving across the room to a stairway. Neville raises a hand. Stop.

In the silence you can hear a sound coming from the beyond the stairway door. Soft. RUSTLING. Like water.

Neville pulls open the doors. At first it seems like the stairs are moving, running with oil. But its not oil. Rats.

PHILLIP

(jumping back)

Man!

NEVILLE

Stay back.

In his hand Neville has one of those gas ampules as a few rats spill out through the open door and past them.

NEVILLE

When I throw this hold your breath.

Neville looks at Phillip who just nods. Sam has already trotted to the other side of the room. Knows the drill.

PHILLIP

Fire in the hole.

Neville shoots him a look.

PHILLIP

What?

Neville tosses the ampule inside stairwell, SLAMS the door.
He waits a three count. Sticks his head in the stairs.

NEVILLE
Come on in, the water's fine.

INT. STAIRWAY - DAY

All the rats are unconscious. A still carpet of flesh and fur. Neville, Phillip and Sam climb the steps, brushing aside the sleeping rodents with their feet as they go. Sam WHINES.

PHILLIP
You and me both.

They arrive at the second floor access, open the door...

INT. ST. VINCENTS HOSPITAL - LAB FLOOR -DAY

Here too the corridor is filled with gurneys. It seems every available space was used to house the sick.

PHILLIP
Whoa, whoa, wait a second

Phillip is standing still in the open doorway.

PHILLIP
It's dark in here.

In fact, it is. The only light comes through the stairwell skylight. The rest of the floor vanishes into shadow ahead.

NEVILLE
I know. Look. This is where the machine is.

Neville takes a bunch of tube flares out of his coat. Breaks the first, plastic tube glowing white, drops it at his feet.

NEVILLE
We'll make it quick.

Neville starts forward, breaking and dropping flares as he goes. The world glows. But there is no shortage of shadows flickering against the walls.

Neville turns back to and looks at Phillip. A beat. Then Phillip shakes his head and begins to follow.

Neville stops at a door about halfway down the hall. Phillip turns to see the line of flares barely fighting the encroaching darkness. Then he follows Neville into...

INT. ST. VINCENTS HOSPITAL - BLOOD LAB - DAY

Might as well be night. Pitch black. A totally interior room. It's hard not to think of it as a tomb.

Neville stands in the doorway, holding a burning flare. The room is tremendous and he's just a small flicker in the darkness.

Neville breaks another flare, hands it to Phillip. Breaks a third and slips it into a bow under Sam's Collar.

NEVILLE

Stay close.

PHILLIP

Not thinking of doing much else.

They cross the darkness into a corner of the room. There's a large metal centrifuge, once bolted to the floor. High tech. Too big for one man to carry.

NEVILLE

Front or back.

PHILLIP

Always say back unless you're in prison.

Neville just looks at him in the flare glow.

PHILLIP

Never mind.

Phillip has come around the back of the machine. Neville in the front.

NEVILLE

On three. One. Two. Three.

They both hoist the machine up.

PHILLIP

Heavy.

They start walking towards the front door, both constantly throwing looks into the shadows as they go.

PHILLIP
What's it do, anyway?

NEVILLE
It's a proton serviced compound
integrator.

PHILLIP
That helped so much.

NEVILLE
It manages to blend compounds at a
molecular level. I'm hoping it can
help serumize my blood into an
antigen.

PHILLIP
You paying penance. Is that it?

NEVILLE
Something like that.

They move through the open door into...

INT. ST. VINCENTS HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Some light spills in the stairway door back where the trail
of flares begins. Behind them stretches somehow deeper
darkness.

NEVILLE
You holding up?

PHILLIP
I'm good.

The continue down the long black corridor. (OVER) Something
moves in the dark behind them.

PHILLIP
Neville...

NEVILLE
Get to the stairwell. Get to where
it's light.

Again that movement behind them. Sam GROWLS. They get to the
stairway. Neville pulls open the door, amber light spilling
in. They push into the landing the door SLAMMING behind them.

INT. ST. VINCENTS HOSPITAL - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

PHILLIP

Jesus.

But Neville is frowning.

NEVILLE

Set it down a beat.

Phillip obliges, is stretching his arms, notices's Neville's expression as he looks at his watch.

PHILLIP

What?

NEVILLE

Look at the sunlight. It's too red.
It's only five o'clock.

Neville glances from his watch to the amber light spilling in through the windowed skylights.

PHILLIP

Daylight savings time?

Neville shoots him a look.

PHILLIP

Come on. They didn't change time,
right.

NEVILLE

We've got to move.

Neville takes a beat, then grabs the machine, Phillip following suit. They start down.

NEVILLE

Don't slip on the rats.

PHILLIP

Nice.

EXT. ST. VINCENTS HOSPITAL - EVENING

They are barely out the door, Neville dripping sweat.

NEVILLE

What the hell?

The world isn't even red. It's blue dusk.

PHILLIP

Oh. Man.

(spinning on Neville)

What happened?

Phillip is getting hysterical.

PHILLIP

It's almost dark, man. What happened? You said we had time. What the hell is going on?

Phillip looks at the shadows in the open doorways across the streets. Shadows are starting to move.

PHILLIP

Come on. Leave it. We have to go.

NEVILLE

I'm not leaving it-.

PHILLIP

What-

The shadows are everywhere, now, in every dark space, bits of darkness joining together into larger groups.

NEVILLE

Pick. Up. The damn. Machine.

There is only conviction in Neville's voice. Sam is BARKING wildly. The shapes are MURMURING now. Nowhere to run.

NEVILLE

Now!

PHILLIP

Screw you, man.

But Phillip grabs the edge of the machine, Neville already on his side and they carry it to the SUV.

PHILLIP

Hurry.

Neville is unlocking the back. The world behind them is swirling dark.

PHILLIP

Hurry up.

They hoist the machine, Neville bracing it. He SLAMS the trunk. (OVER) Something HOWLS.

All around them, the shadows are becoming night.

INT. NEVILLE'S SUV - EVENING

Neville is SLAMMING the door, Phillip in the passenger seat, Sam GROWLING in the back.

PHILLIP

Drive!

But Neville's already moving, whipping the car around and away from the growing pool of shadow.

That's when one jumps from a roof, HITS pavement in the spear of growing darkness directly in front of the car.

WHAM! Another one LANDS right on the windshield. Face hard, fangs dripping, grasping hands only inches away.

Phillip SCREAMS.

Neville grabs his candy stick points to the inner glass and fires. The light diode at the tip...flickers and goes out.

NEVILLE

What the fuck?

The thing is SMASHING the glass with its fists. Still driving with one hand, Neville drops his candy stick on the seat, grabs a Glock and starts SHOOTING through the glass.

PHILLIP

Jesus.

The windshield SHATTERS, bullets hitting the creature on the other side of the chicken wire, thing rolling backwards and THUDDING under the wheels of the car.

EXT. SIXTH AVENUE - DRIVING - DUSK

Neville tears down the street, the sunlight pooling in the middle of the block, the darkness rolling in and, with it, ever more of the creatures.

The way they move, so strong, so fast, now scaling the sides of the building on the dark side of the street, almost in defiance of gravity. And the darkness is theirs.

Neville SCREECHES across eighth. Here the entire North side of the street is in darkness. Neville drives onto the sidewalk. The dark side of the street is literally teeming with the creatures, swarming to the edge of blackness.

Neville takes the right onto University. That's when the shadows moves across the avenue ahead of him, the creatures moving right with them, filling the dark with lethal motion.

NEVILLE

Hang on.

Neville SCREECHES to a stop, then throws the SUV into reverse. He is backing straight towards the mass of creatures that has closed in behind him.

PHILLIP

What are you doing? What are you doing?

The teeming clot of monsters is coming up in the back windshield, closer, closer, Neville cuts the wheel hard.

The SUV flies backwards down the block, Neville's brownstone coming up fast. Neville's gunning the car flat out, BREAKING so that his stoop fills the rear windshield.

NEVILLE

Out!

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - DUSK

No one really needed the encouragement. They spill out of the car. The sunlight is almost gone. Going. Going. The creatures mass the perimeter of the park, pushing forward to the edge of night.

NEVILLE

The machine.

Neville's already in the open back of the car.

PHILLIP

Are you nuts?

NEVILLE

Help me.

Phillip grabs his end pulls it out and up to the top of the stoop. The creatures are swarming across the street. Neville pushes Phillip to the ground.

NEVILLE

Down.

Neville FIRES three rounds into the gas tank of the last parked car that isn't a husk, the car EXPLODING into a giant ball of flame.

The Creatures SCREAM, those on the car burning, others caught in the light as Neville PICKS them off with his Glocks.

NEVILLE

Open the door.

Still firing, he tosses Phillip the keys.

PHILLIP

(fumbling)

Shit. Shit.

The fire is already subsiding, the glow fading. Neville is SHOOTING faster now, ever more creatures to keep at bay.

NEVILLE

Phillip.

PHILLIP

Got it.

Neville still FIRING, back shoving the machine over the threshold, two creatures racing up the stoop as...

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - DUSK

Neville SLAMS the door, throwing his weight against the portal as the creatures BANG into it from the other side.

NEVILLE

The switch. On the wall. Throw it.

Phillip obliges. Light's strobe outside, (OVER) the familiar sounds of FLOPPING and SCREAMING. Neville locks the door.

NEVILLE

You want to throw up again?

Phillip just stares at him.

PHILLIP

You really are crazy.

He means it.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - LATER - NIGHT

Neville is finishing up installing the machine. Phillip paces, drinking red from the bottle.

PHILLIP

Well you get an A in the commitment department, that's for sure.

Neville is now drawing a tube of his own blood.

NEVILLE

Guess so.

PHILLIP

Come on, man. Can the man of mystery stuff. This isn't just guilt. No one feels that guilty.

Now Neville is introducing the fresh blood into one of his serum vials.

NEVILLE

My wife and daughter. They're infected.

Phillip nods. Almost as if he knew this. Neville activates the machine. A high tech combining of liquids begins.

NEVILLE

I can't leave them here.

Neville has moved to the counter top. He is about to put the candy stick on its charging cradle.

PHILLIP

That's love, I guess.

Something odd about the way he says it.

NEVILLE

Don't know what went wrong with this thing.

That's when he sees it. The charging cable has been cut neatly at the wall.

PHILLIP

Yeah. Bad luck, huh.

Now Neville looks at his watch. He notices the clock on his computer. An hour apart.

NEVILLE

Bad luck.

Neville holds the cut cable ends together, tapes them so the connection is secured. He turns to Phillip.

NEVILLE

I guess so.

Phillip glances at Sam in the hallway. He gently closes the door on the dog with his foot. Sam begins to BARK.

PHILLIP

Sorry, man.

Phillip's inhuman leap takes him halfway across the room before Neville discharges the candy stick and Phillip hits the floor.

Phillip is up on one hand and foot and Neville fires the strobe again. Phillip SMASHES back down on the floor.

NEVILLE

(screaming)

What are you? What are you?

He's got the candy stick right on Phillip's forehead. Phillip's eyes and ears are bleeding a familiar white.

PHILLIP

I'm stage three, Neville. I'm the final phase of the disease.

Sam is HURLING at the door, HOWLING in agony.

PHILLIP

Or should I call you dad?

Neville's eyes are on the charge meter, slowly climbing back to green and ready.

NEVILLE

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus.

(screaming)

What are you doing here?

Neville's shoves Phillip's forehead with the candy stick, the fallen figure trying to recover his strength.

NEVILLE

What are you doing!?

PHILLIP

(struggling)

We had to see if we could pass. If we looked human enough. I looked human enough to you, didn't I Neville.

Phillip is struggling up on one arm as the charger hits green and Neville fires the strobe again. Phillip spasms.

NEVILLE

Why? WHY?

PHILLIP

We want to cross over. Into the promised land. Think of me as a missionary, bringing truth to the uninitiated. Bearing sublime contagion and its grace to the ends of the earth itself.

Neville is eying the charger.

NEVILLE

We couldn't do it without you Neville. We look human but we're not. We still can't survive the highest frequency strobes. We can't open the biometric locks. We can't summon the helicopters. Or at least I couldn't have. Not without you.

NEVILLE

You son of a bitch-

PHILLIP

Thanks, dad.

Charge complete. Neville starts to fire. Phillip moves fast, grabbing the gun and slamming it into Neville's head.

Phillip backhands Neville, sending him flying across the room, into the centrifuge, he and the machine SMASHING into the wall. Sam's going CRAZY outside the door.

Neville is struggling on the floor behind the overturned centrifuge, using vials and syringes to salvage any fluid.

Phillip walks around the lab, hurling monitors, ruining blackboards and files, destroying all his work.

PHILLIP

Poor Neville. Don't you understand?
The world has turned. You're the
monster now. Look at what things
you have done. How better to judge
a race than by what it is willing
to kill? What won't you humans
kill, Neville? Not even your own
children. You think your love for
your wife and child redeem you? You
confuse your selfishness for
transcendence? Oh the heights of
your human self-involvement? How
you feel doesn't matter. What
matters is what you do. So rejoice
Neville, you are not the savior of
two lost souls. You are the bringer
of fire and change. You have
brought us into the world. We can
see through each others eyes
Neville, and to us all, Neville,
you are legend.

Phillip has come around the centrifuge. Stares down now at
Neville. In his eyes, only pity.

PHILLIP

No more singing.

He reaches for Neville. That's when the door EXPLODES open
and Sam bounds across the room, leaping for Phillip.

NEVILLE

Sam, no!

Too late. Phillip goes down, Sam under him, canine jaws going
around Phillip's throat and biting down hard.

CRACK. Both of Sam's canine's snap off on Phillip's rock hard
skin. The dog HOWLS in pain as Phillip shoves the dog,
flying, across the room.

PHILLIP

(standing)

Bad doggie.

He starts towards the fallen Sam when Neville rushes him from
behind, knocking him to the floor.

PHILLIP

What will you-

And Neville shoves a hypodermic needle into Phillip's eye and depresses the plunger.

PHILLIP

What?

Suddenly Phillip arches his back. Then he SCREAMS.

That's when it happens. He convulses. The blood that is expelled from his pores isn't red, but silvery white, his body rejecting the disease. The serum works.

PHILLIP

Oh. I feel...

And he dies. Neville stands over him.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Neville stands in front of the camera, bloodied, broken.

NEVILLE

Previous data was faulty. There
were no other survivors.

Neville looks at two full syringes of in his hand. All that remains of the precious fluid.

NEVILLE

I have serumized the cure.

Neville reaches forward and shuts down the camera. A beat. Then he just sits down in the middle of the floor.

Sam comes up and nuzzles his hand, gums bleeding. Neville just sits scratching his dog's head, unaware he is crying.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Neville stands over Phillip's open, red corpse.

NEVILLE (OVER)

Cause of death was damage to the
brain through the eye wound. The
serum was totally effective.

He is TALKING into a blue tooth headset as he completes his autopsy.

NEVILLE

Tissue samples show near total
remission of the hemocyte virus.

Neville strips off his gloves, walks to a large glass
freezer. Inside, are jars of floating red organs.

NEVILLE

I am sampling an infected pituitary
gland.

He has opened a jar, lifts the small organ in tweezers. He
drops the organ into a sample tray on one of his machines.

NEVILLE

And extracting disease specific
pheromones.

An analyzer in the machine isolates an expanding image of a
molecule on its screen.

NEVILLE

If they can look and smell like me.

He hits a button and the screen begins to flash: COMPOUND
SYNTHESIZING.

NEVILLE

Then I can look and smell like
them.

He slides a glass beaker with a seal into a delivery tube,
the beaker instantly filling with a misty gas.

NEVILLE

Sam.

The dog follows him to a counter where Neville lights a
butane heating tray. He begins dropping in silver
instruments, scalpels, retractors, now already melting.

NEVILLE

Fix you right up.

INT. NEVILLE'S SHOWER - EVENING

Neville naked, steps into the shower, the water off. He's got
that sealed gas beaker in his hand.

He throws the beaker, SMASHING, at his feet, the gas washing
over his body, face wincing at the odor.

INT. NEVILLE'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

A fire burns in the fireplace. Naked Neville throws a bucket full of water on the wood in a HISS.

Neville kneels, reaches into the fireplace, hand coming out with a mound of running black soot.

Neville begins to rub the paste all over his body, painting himself the color of ash.

INT. NEVILLE'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Sam stands staring at the basement door, ears up, on alert. Begins to GROWL. Something's coming up the cellar stairs.

Sam's GROWLING grows more fierce. The door opens and a hemocyte emerges. Sam begins to BARK.

The Hemocyte stops, goes down on his haunches. Only when he CALLS out are we sure who this man is.

NEVILLE

It's okay, it's okay.

Sam keeps GROWLING.

NEVILLE

All right, girl, all right.

He has reached into the pocket of these rags collected from captured hemocytes, He holds out a milk bone.

NEVILLE

Samantha. Come here girl.

Sam closes gingerly. Then accepts the milk bone, never taking her eyes off Neville. Chomps slowly. Only now do we see her brand new canines are solid silver.

NEVILLE

Good girl. Good girl.

INT. NEVILLE'S FOYER - DAY

Neville, fully outfitted as a hemocyte, stands at the door.

NEVILLE

Car keys...

He tests their weight in his hand.

NEVILLE

Glocks...

Two sliding armoire doors reveal an array of pistols from which he selects two.

NEVILLE

Candy stick...

Shoulder slung on his back.

NEVILLE

Cure.

He checks a hard case holding the two pre-filled syringes. Slips the precious cargo into his shirt.

NEVILLE

Ready to greet the day.

Neville reaches for the door. Then he stops, looks back at his home as if he knows he will never see it again.

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The strobes are still flashing. Neville stands for a moment in their protective glow. Then he walks towards his car.

EXT. NYC - NIGHT - DRIVING

Neville's SUV drives up Fifth avenue. There's a plump moon again tonight. The sallow glow covers the world.

INT. NEVILLE'S SUV - NIGHT - DRIVING

Neville drives, Sam once more beside him in the front. Sam doesn't know exactly what's going on but she doesn't like it.

NEVILLE

They're from banisco...

Neville waits. Looks at Sam.

NEVILLE

They're from bansisco...

Another look at Sam who continues to just stare forward.

NEVILLE
Nutterbutter sandwich cookies.

Still stares, in no mood to play.

NEVILLE
Whoa. What the hell-

Neville slows, something odd visible in the middle of the street. Neville grabs his candy stick and gets out...

EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

Neville approaches from the car, Sam close beside him. Whatever this is in the middle of the street, it was organic once. You can tell by the huge stain of blood.

What's left is ravaged flesh, torn fur and shattered bone. It takes a few moments to understand what we are seeing.

NEVILLE
The lions.

There is something terrible here, a sadness as heavy as the night. As he bows, Neville is startled by his own tears.

NEVILLE
Dear God, I am sorry. I am so
sorry.

(OVER) A very distant SOUND. A RUMBLING. Like a low rolling THUNDER, getting LOUDER. Neville looks at Sam, her ears up.

NEVILLE
Sam...

Ahead, on the moonlit horizon of the avenue's end, dark is coming, like a fast rolling fog. Tiny shapes, pouring down the center of the street, but also up and down the lower edges of the buildings, like a black tide rushing down a narrow passage.

Only it's not water. Coming towards him is a sea of maybe a hundred thousand hemocytes. And they're coming fast.

NEVILLE
Sam. In the car. Now!

Neville's already moving, Sam right behind him. He throws a look over his shoulder. You can make out distinct figures now, but the way they leap, vaulting cars, springing off the lower window sills of the buildings, is anything but human.

NEVILLE
Down. On the floor,

Neville rips open the car door, dragging Sam to the floor of the back seat as the SOUND becomes almost deafening.

INT. - NEVILLE'S SUV - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Neville lays on the floor off the back seat, hands on Sam, keeping her down and still.

The THUNDER has become ARTILLERY. The ground itself is starting to shake. Then the first few shoot past overhead.

They practically fly over the back windshield, hands or feet BANGING off the hood as they go. And then the car is engulfed. Past the glass fly endless faces, hands, feet, a human swarm pouring over the car for an eternity.

Then, slowly, the mass overhead begins to thin. Some moonlight can be seen through leaping and bounding bodies. They become more distinct. Acrobatic shades of the people they were. Children. Housewives. Now all in dexterous, horrible parody. Fewer and fewer. Finally Neville stirs.

NEVILLE
(soft)
I think they're gone-

Another lands HARD on the hood and bounds over, sending Neville into terrified stillness again. Then they are gone.

NEVILLE
Jesus.

EXT. PARK AVENUE - NIGHT

Neville pulls the car curb-side and emerges. He looks down the block. Ahead, the dark form of the Royalton.

Sam looks up at Neville as he tosses his candy stick in the back seat. He duct tapes the hypo-case to his chest.

NEVILLE
Stay.

Sam BARKS.

NEVILLE
Stay.

He starts to walk towards the Royalton. Sam tries to follow. Neville turns.

NEVILLE

Stay.

The moment lasts. Then Sam sits. ANGLE OVER SAM as she watches Neville grow small down the block.

EXT. ROYALTON HOTEL - NIGHT

Neville stands before the giant edifice. A long beat. Then he starts towards the main doors.

INT. ROYALTON - LOBBY - NIGHT

Cavernous. Dark. Neville starts to cross the giant space. No signs of any hemocytes.

That's when it happens. Two hemocytes fall from the ceiling like spiders in front of him. Two more rush in from shadow.

Neville holds his ground. These creatures are still animal like. They come too close, soot and the first hints of alabaster emerging through sloughing epidermis. Mouths open in silent ROARS as they SNIFF and inspect him.

He's terrified but hiding it. Not looking away, not engaging the stare. The moment lasts. Then the hemocytes move past him, this small pack heading out into the night and then gone.

HIGH WIDE as Neville continues across the empty lobby.

INT. ROYALTON - NIGHT

Neville begins to climb the service stairs. There are stage two hemocytes everywhere, in corners, hunkering in shadows.

Many stare at Neville as he passes, inhuman eyes out of the darkness, over meals of bloody flesh. But ultimately, his new guise convinces and he passes through them.

INT. ROYALTON - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Neville walks down the hallway. Here some of the stage twos live in the hallways or have spilled into the rooms and suites in some weird imitation of family life.

Neville stops in front of a suite door. He checks the number. 312. A long beat. He pushes inside.

INT. ROYALTON SUITE 312 - NIGHT

Neville pushes open the door. A set up like this probably went for ten grand a night. Times change.

Now there are blood stains on the carpet. Piles of bones picked clean, animal and human.

Neville walks deeper into the suite. He pushes open a door. A child slept here before the end of the world.

Now he passes what was once a library. Untouched since the last moments of life. Prepackaged IV kits and medication dispensers litter the floor.

Ahead is another door. From beyond come SOUNDS of something wet, something moving. Neville pushes open the door.

INT. SUITE 312 - BEDROOM - MORNING

The creature who sits on the bed feeding must have been beautiful. But her skin is covered with ash. What she's eating could be anyone's guess. She rears up and HISSES.

NEVILLE

Janice.

Neville reaches to his chest and tears free the tape. He Removes one of the two pre-filled syringes.

NEVILLE

Baby.

Janice stares at him. Cocks her head. Something familiar? Neville approaches, gingerly, as one would an animal.

NEVILLE

It's me sweetheart.

Another head cock. SNIFFS in the air.

NEVILLE

Can you remember me, Jan?

She stretches her neck.

NEVILLE

It's Robert-

And she SCREAMS, leaping across the room, closing the space with impossible speed. Neville tosses a hidden gas ampule from his other hand Janice goes down, out like a light.

Neville comes over to her, now. He touches her face, her dirty hair. This woman, his wife.

Neville clears air out one of the syringes. He touches the skin on her arm with his fingers, finding soft there.

A quick jab. And then he slowly depresses the plunger, fluid disappearing into her veins.

The contortions start almost instantly. Then she arches her back and it happens in a second. White fluid comes bursting out of her pores, splashing his face.

NEVILLE

Okay, baby, okay.

VOICE (OVER)

Daddy?

Neville spins. Standing in the doorway is his daughter.

NEVILLE

Lucy...

Neville stands. The child looks entirely normal. Human. She's even holding a teddy bear by the arm in one hand.

LUCY

What did you do?

NEVILLE

Baby, come here...

Neville reaches out.

LUCY

Did you hurt her?

Lucy tentatively takes his hand.

NEVILLE

Come see daddy...

He has her hand in his, extending her trembling arm.

LUCY

What are you doing...

Neville takes the second needle, clears it and fast jabs it into the skin of Lucy's arm. It breaks to a nub.

LUCY

Fooled you.

She backhands him and Neville flies across the room. He's in his shirt to get one of the ampules. She leaps on him.

LUCY

Did daddy bring Lucy a gift?

She shoves her face into the ampule. Inhales the colorless vapor deeply, closes her eye. Neville touches her face.

Eyes spring open.

LUCY

That's twice.

Another strike and Neville SMASHES into a wall, slumps. Lucy stands on the bed. Begins to bounce. Imagine a child with sociopathy.

LUCY

What are you going to do daddy?
Poke my eye like you did Phillip's.

She sees him react.

LUCY

We had such lovely fun at the old
house. Everybody saw.

She jumps and SMASHES him into the wall again. He appears barely conscious now.

LUCY

Play time's over.

She climbs into his lap. So much like a child. She smiles, an entirely chilling smile. Nuzzles his neck.

LUCY

I'm hungry, daddy.

Lucy bites hard into Neville's neck, beginning to swallow his blood in small gulps.

Neville's eyes open, sharply in focus. His daughter's not the only one who can pretend. He's got that broken hypo still clutched in his fist.

He lifts the hypo and slams the broken needle nub into his own wrist, depressing the plunger, serum running into his veins, through his system and into...

Lucy springs back, her mouth red and dripping. There's a new emotion in her eyes. Fear.

LUCY

No. What did you-

She begins to convulse. He tries to hold her but her tiny body is too powerful. Still he won't let go.

NEVILLE

Hang on baby. Hang on.

Her body arches. And then that explosion of milky fluid from all her pores.

(OVER) A RUMBLING. The entire building trembles. Neville looks up at the sound, puzzled, as it passes.

LUCY

Daddy?

He looks down at his daughter staring back up at him. Tears are running from her eyes.

NEVILLE

Hi, baby.

He wraps his arms around her, holding her so tight. A shadow appears over them. Neville looks up. Janice.

JANICE

Robert...?

NEVILLE

Hush, now.

She comes down with them, Neville holding his wife and daughter together in his arms, eyes closing in relief.

INT. ROYALTON - HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER

Neville emerges, Lucy in his arms, Janice close behind. He looks up and down the hallway. Entirely empty.

JANICE

Where are they all?

Neville just shakes his head. Lucy stares, wide-eyed.

NEVILLE

How much do you remember?

Janice shakes her head. As if to say, too much. They begin down the hallway, slowly, cautiously.

JANICE

How long?

NEVILLE

Fourteen months.

JANICE

Fourteen-

The truth of it sinks in. She looks at her husband.

JANICE

Oh, baby.

Neville raises his hand to still them. They pass an open door slowly. Here too, the room is empty.

JANICE

What's going on?

They have come to the stairwell. Janice runs her hand through Lucy's trembling hair. Neville opens the door.

Not a soul.

Neville just shakes his head, gestures for his wife to follow. They push into...

INT. ROYALTON - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

The three begin to descend the stairs. Again, empty.

LUCY

Daddy, I'm scared.

NEVILLE

Look, up there in the sky. It's a bird. It's a plane...

He looks at his daughter's eyes and she looks back.

LUCY

It's Superman.

Obviously a familiar ritual. They WHISPER in tandem.

NEVILLE & LUCY
Superman, who can change the course
of mighty rivers, bend steel in his
bare hand...

These three small figures, heading downward, whistling in the
darkness with their words.

NEVILLE & LUCY & JANICE
And who, disguised as mild mannered
Clark Kent, fights a never ending
battle for truth, justice and the
American way.

HIGH ANGLE on these humans going down, and down the endless
stairs, smaller still, but their VOICES still strong.

INT. ROYALTON - LOBBY - NIGHT

Empty. All the monsters are just gone. They cross.

EXT. PARK AVENUE - NIGHT

Neville Lucy and Janice emerge. The barest hints of dawn are
visible on the horizon. Janice stares at the city.

JANICE
Dear God.

NEVILLE
He had nothing to do with it.

Neville checks his watch.

NEVILLE
We have to hurry.

JANICE
Hurry where?

NEVILLE
We're getting out of here.

They are already running towards his SUV.

NEVILLE
Sam! God damn it Sam be all right.
Please be all right.

JANICE
Sam?

But they've made it to the car. No sign of her.

NEVILLE
Come on, girl. Please.

He sets Lucy down, unlocking the car, TALKING all the while.

NEVILLE
Damn it, Sam! Come on now. You just
had to stay put. Stay out of sight.
That's all you-

He's almost got the door open. Doesn't even see the shape as
it leaps from the darkness with impossible speed.

JANICE
(screaming)
Neville!

And the thing is on top of him, SLAMMING him to the ground
and the creature is...licking his face. Sam.

NEVILLE
Okay, now. Okay girl. I'm happy to
see you too.

Neville climbs standing as Sam trots over, SNIFFS Janice,
then Lucy who GIGGLES with delight.

LUCY
Look at your teeth.

NEVILLE
In the car, please. Now!

INT. NEVILLE'S SUV - CITY - DRIVING

Neville is speeding through the streets, all eerily abandoned
as well. Lucy talks to Sam in the back.

JANICE
Been through the wars, huh?

NEVILLE
Yeah. But she's held up.

JANICE
Not the car, baby. You.

All it's dents and scars. Like scars on him.

NEVILLE

I guess so.

She reaches across and takes his hand. Turns to look out the window, tears streaming down her face.

JANICE

Everybody's dead here, aren't they?

Neville just keeps driving.

JANICE

But you stayed behind for us.
Always were stubborn.

The enormity of this lands on her.

JANICE

You wouldn't leave us.

NEVILLE

I'll never leave you, Jan.

Simple as that.

JANICE

Where are they all?

LUCY

Are we going to the helicopters?

Neville turns to his daughter, frowns. The city is whipping by out the windows.

NEVILLE

Why did you say that, honey?

LUCY

The ones for the man? Phillip.

JANICE

Neville?

NEVILLE

There's an extraction scheduled for
6AM.

Neville's concern is palpable as he turns onto the bridge access ramp.

INT. NEVILLE'S SUV - BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DRIVING

NEVILLE

How do you know that, sweetie?

LUCY

I kind of remember it. Only not exactly.

Neville frowns. Ahead the bridge stretches towards a gap in the center. On the other side, banks of strobes flash.

NEVILLE

Communal consciousness appears at stage three of the infection.

JANICE

There's a stage three?

Neville pulls the car to the edge of the blasted out gap. The strobes mounted on the other side cover the world in fast lightening. He grabs his candy stick.

NEVILLE

Let's go.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - MANHATTAN EDGE - DAWN

Neville, Janice, Lucy and Sam stand on the jagged metal edge. Below, the lapping wash of the East River. On the other side of the flashing strobes, Brooklyn appears still.

LUCY

Are they coming?

NEVILLE

I hope so.

JANICE

(hushed)

Neville, are you sure there's anyone still out there.

Neville's silence is answer enough. Neville checks his watch. Looks over his shoulder. Back to the misty shore.

Nothing.

Neville bows his head.

LUCY

Daddy?

Neville looks up to where his daughter is pointing. There, in the mist three growing points of light. Helicopters.

Neville and Janice begin to wave their arms. The lights grow brighter. Neville keeps glancing over his shoulder.

The helicopters are gunships, their rotor blades DEAFENING, whipping up a windstorm broken only by a BOOMING PA.

PA

Remain standing. Close your eyes.
Prepare for light testing.

One helicopter lowers between the two escort birds and flashes a bank of even more powerful strobes. Light sears their hair, nearly burns their skin. Endless.

LUCY

Daddy!

JANICE

It's okay, baby.

The lights go dark. Slowly the helicopter lowers. Doors slide open to reveal ARMED SOLDIERS manning the hatch.

A MEDIC in a hazmat suit drops down, face invisible through the opaque face-plate.

MEDIC

Extend your arms.

The three oblige. A quick prick with an integrated hypo and monitor.

JANICE

Single unit tester.

NEVILLE

Had to happen.

The medic stares at the screen. The moments lasts.

SOLDIER

(shouting)
They're clean!

Rope ladders drop from the open bird and Neville hands his daughter up first, helps Janice, finally following himself.

INT. HELICOPTER - RISING - DAWN

The Medic in the hazmat suit pulls off his hood. A smiling young MAN.

MEDIC

Welcome aboard. You can't imagine how happy we are to see you.

NEVILLE

I really can.

MAN

Sorry about the high frequency strobes. Makes em jump like guppies but-

NEVILLE

Yeah, it's an autonomic-

Then something else crosses his eyes.

NEVILLE

Shit.

Everyone is just staring at him.

NEVILLE

Phillip said they wanted to cross over. But they couldn't get past lights. The high frequency strobes. If Lucy could see everything he saw, then the others could have too-
(shouting)
Climb! Climb!

He's already craning out the window but it's too late. Here's where all the hemocytes have gone. They've been clinging to the underside of the bridge like ants.

And now they're swarming upward.

NEVILLE

They're going to try to smash the lights.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DAWN

The hemocytes are making columns of flesh, swarming up over each other in moving human moving spires that reach out like fingers and grab one of the two escort helicopters.

NEVILLE (OVER)
They're going to try to use the
helicopters to smash the lights.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAWN

Out the window, another column of hemocytes is rising up right below them. THUNK as the creatures grab hold.

Lucy SCREAMS as the door comes RIPPING off, windy sky and hemocytes spilling into the chopper.

Think cats in a bag as hemocytes and humans engage inside the tiny, hurling space. By the time the hemocytes in the bird have been dealt with, the Medic and one soldier dead, the other soldier dying.

Neville holds the flood of hemocytes at the open hatch at bay with his flashing candy stick, disengaging the column.

EXT. HELICOPTER - DAWN

The chopper is unsteady, rocking, losing altitude, as it falls away from the reaching tendril of monsters.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAWN

The pilot is losing blood. Out the window, that first column of hemocytes sends an engulfed chopper SMASHING towards the giant bank of lights on the Brooklyn edge.

The chopper falls just short of its target, hemocytes and machine alike all tumbling into the giant base of the bridge tower and EXPLODING into flames.

Neville's pilot is barely managing to keep his ship in the air, the bird wobbling down towards the Brooklyn edge, flat of the bridge coming up fast below them.

LUCY
Daddy!

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - BROOKLYN EDGE - DAWN

The chopper HITS hard on the Brooklyn side of the blown out gap. Overhead, the remaining chopper is engulfed in mid-air by the final swarming finger of hemocytes.

INT. HELICOPTER - BROOKLYN EDGE - DAWN

Fire, sparks. Neville turns from his wife, his expression hard as he checks on a wide-eyed Lucy and WHIMPERING SAM.

LUCY

Mommy?

JANICE (O.S.)

Mommy's right here baby.

Neville looks back at his wife, smiling up at him. There's blood in her VOICE.

JANICE

Hey, hero.

Neville smiles, still, holding her eyes despite the world of chaos all around him,

NEVILLE

Hey, wife.

JANICE

You'll get her safe, right?

NEVILLE

Of course I will, baby.

His eyes are spilling tears.

JANICE

Hush now.

He leans in and kisses her. When he lifts his lips from hers, her breath is still.

LUCY

Mommy?

Neville grabs his daughter in one arm. He reaches across the dead pilot and pulls free his hand radio.

NEVILLE

This is extraction vehicle to base command. Do you read?

Nothing.

NEVILLE

This is extraction vehicle-

RADIO

This is Brooklyn Base One. Please identify-

NEVILLE

You're about twenty seconds from a perimeter breach.

Overhead that last helicopter is now entirely engulfed in with hemocytes. It can't grab air.

NEVILLE

You've got to blow the rest of the bridge.

RADIO

Who the hell-

NEVILLE

This is Colonel Robert Neville.
Verification code 117889 Wilco four
four Charlie. Confirm.
(stronger still)
Confirm!

A beat.

RADIO

Um..verification code confirmed,
Sir.

NEVILLE

I am ordering a strike on the
remainder of the Brooklyn side of
the bridge center. Do you hear me
Soldier?

A beat.

RADIO

Understood, Colonel. Sir...?

But Neville grabs something from the cockpit and is already lifting his daughter out, Sam following.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - BROOKLYN EDGE - DAWN

LUCY

Daddy I'm cold. I want mommy.

Neville has taken the pilot's chart marker and is writing something on his daughter's back, what we cannot see.

He glances overhead. The engulfed chopper is fighting to keep away from the strobe wall at the gap.

NEVILLE

(going on his haunches)

You, run, baby, okay? You run as fast as you can. Sam's going to go with you.

(to Sam)

Understand girl?

(to Lucy)

Understand?

LUCY

I want mommy.

NEVILLE

She's with you. We both are, all the time okay?

(kisses her head)

You do what Daddy says, Okay?

(kisses her face)

Now go. Run!

A beat. She turns and starts walking towards Brooklyn. Turns to look back at her father.

NEVILLE

Run. As fast as you can.

She starts walking faster.

NEVILLE

Run!

Finally Lucy begins to run towards the line of soldiers in the distance. And for a moment we are in Neville's dream.

NEVILLE

Run, baby, run.

A little girl spinning to look at us over her shoulder in a world of flashing light.

NEVILLE

Go, Sam.

Sam stares at him a beat. Then takes off after Lucy.

NEVILLE

Good girl.

An EXPLOSION rips the night.

Neville spins to see chopper SMASHING down into the strobe banks, walls of lights EXPLODING then going dark.

On the other side of the gap, the hemocytes are racing towards the edge, no longer threatened by the strobes.

Neville clocks the fast approaching monsters. He races through the smouldering debris of the light and helicopter **towards** the coming wave of hemocytes.

The closest hemocytes are leaping across the gap. Neville fires his candy stick as they come, sending them snapping like landed fish, contorting, spasming in mid air.

(OVER) The JETS approach can be heard in the distance.

Neville keeps SHOOTING sending the hemocytes jerking, falling through the gap into the water below.

He's holding them back. But more and more are coming, making the inhuman leap across. If they get past him, make it to Brooklyn...

Two jets ROAR overhead then arc back, bearing down on Neville. Neville is backing up, holding off the hemocytes.

Finally there are just too many. Neville goes down. The hemocytes race past him. He locks eyes with the pilot.

NEVILLE
(shouting)
Shoot.

The jets each FIRE two rockets, hitting the bridge behind Neville, dropping the rest of the bridge into the water.

Neville smiles as the world is engulfed with white.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DECONTAMINATION STATION - MORNING

A testing station manned by military doctors on the Brooklyn shore. In the b.g. the nub of the bridge still smokes as gun ships SHOOT any swimming hemocytes.

A small girl sits on a gurney. Lucy.

A DOCTOR stands checking her blood. She shakes her head.

DOCTOR

She was in the zone, that's for sure. But no sign of infection-

SECOND DOCTOR

Some genetic anomaly?

LUCY

I think you're supposed to look at my back.

The Doctors just look at her. A beat. Then the first Doctor reaches for her shirt. A familiar BARK.

Sam sits on the floor, GROWLING, silver teeth bared. Lucy reaches down and rubs her head.

LUCY

It's okay, Sam.

The Doctor tries again. Sam is silent. She slowly lifts Lucy's shirt. See what she sees. In black marker on her skin, Neville has scrawled a simple message:

THE CURE IS INSIDE ME

Lucy looks up at them, these men and woman staring down at her. On their faces, not just wonder.

Hope.

FINAL FADE OUT.